

The Reuven Rubin Medal

The medal is one in a series designed by internationally famous artists, and bearing the artist's signature.

Description

The medal is being issued in gold and silver, each type being limited to 500 medals only! The obverse bears a line self-portrait of the artist, drawn in the 1940s, and reproduced here without relief.

Reuven Rubin's signature appears at bottom right, and on the left — "Reuven Rubin" (in Hebrew), "1993 — 1974." The reverse bears a drawing of an olive tree, taken from his famous drawing, "On the Road to Safad" (1951).

The olive tree is a feature of the landscape that he accompanied Rubin throughout his artistic career. Sometimes the tree, sometimes a sapling, and many times the tree set in a landscape. This relationship with Israel's landscape, and a relationship with the people of Israel have been basic elements of Rubin's work.

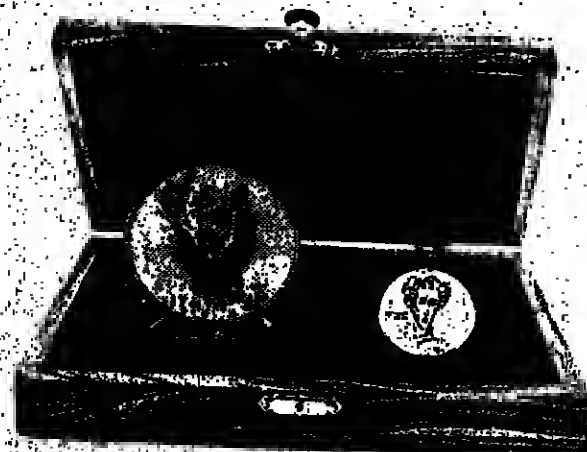
Every medal is numbered and bears the signature of Reuven Rubin. The final issue quantities are 500 gold and 500 silver medals. The medals have been polished to a high sheen, and are distributed in a luxury wood box which bears the emblem of the Israel Standards Institute.

Medal Certificate

Each medal is accompanied by an authenticating certificate, issued by the Trustee Company of the Israel General Bank Ltd. The weight and purity of the gold are checked and certified by the Standards Institute.

Specification

No. issued	Catalogue No.	Weight	Diameter	Metal
500	0200	30 gm.	35 mm.	22 carat gold
500	0202	100 gm.	55 mm.	835 silver



A beautiful reproduction of the artist's work accompanies each set.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, December 23, 1977

ABRASHA AND THE PHARAOH



مكتبة الأصل

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In this issue



On the cover: Aluf Avraham (Abraham) Tamir, a member of the Israeli delegation to the Cairo conference, peers at mummy of Menephtah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus from Egypt. According to the Egyptian Museum, Menephtah ruled in the 19th Dynasty (1225 B.C.). (David Rubinger)

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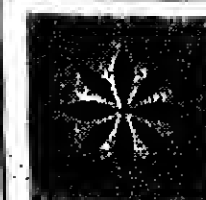
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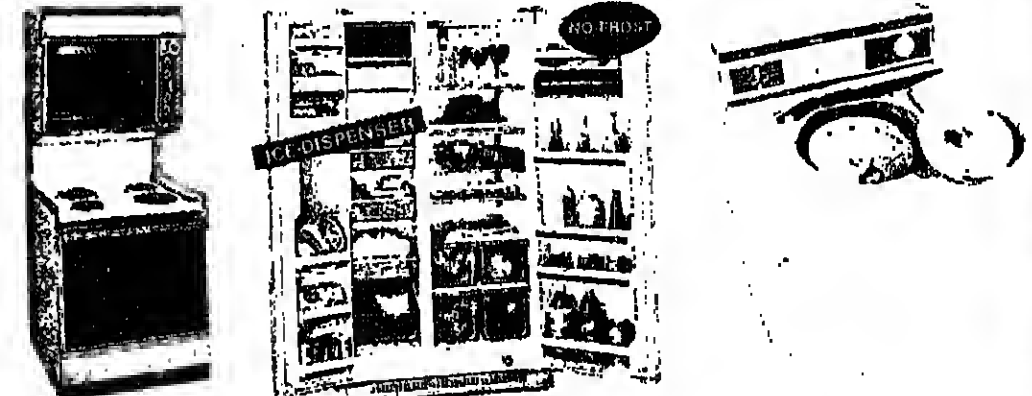
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LINING UP

Egyptian offers of security in exchange for Israeli territorial concessions were the subject of talks this week between the two countries' defence ministers, Ezer Weizman and Abdul-Ghani Gamasy. The problems and mechanics of withdrawal are discussed by The Post's Military Correspondent, HIRSH GOODMAN.

ISRAELI MILITARY experts have long been at work evaluating the strategic implications of an Israeli withdrawal from the occupied territories. A special committee of members of the Defence Ministry personnel has just handed over its proposals to Defence Minister Ezer Weizman — more than 60 pages, in a blue folder. And the general staff, which was also asked to analyse the implications — strictly from the security point of view — has also presented its findings, this time in a red folder.

So the concept of withdrawal has not caught the Israeli defence machine completely unaware. But people are still a little incredulous.

Another pullback in Sinai — probably after the signing of a final disengagement pact with the Egyptians — was always considered highly likely, and military planners have long been taking the consequences of such a move into consideration.

Security aside, the logistic implications of withdrawal are tremendous. It is no secret that Israel maintains huge forces in Sinai. The infrastructure for servicing these forces will have to be relocated.

We read in foreign reports that Israel has already constructed a very large airfield in the Rafah approaches, not far from the town of Yamit.

Obviously, the general staff is not only concerned about replacing the physical structures that will be lost — the cardinal question is how does one go about maintaining a high security posture during and after withdrawal? How does one ensure that if the negotiating process breaks down, the element of risk will be minimal?

It is believed that the general staff has put forward three basic recommendations on which withdrawal from Sinai should be based: that the area vacated be demilitarized (with no reciprocal Israeli move on its side of the line); that a mutually acceptable party — in all probability the Americans — monitor the vacuum and oversee the early warning systems; and that any pullback by Israel be accompanied by a unilateral reduction in the number of Egyptian armed forces.

Despite the fact that the military has made its recommendations, those are by no means binding on the cabinet or on the defence minister — who, incidentally, believes that the general staff should execute defence policy and not formulate it. The

army will have to deal with the logistics of transferring Israel's forces from one point to another.

IN REALITY, however, the situation is not as simple or as clear-cut as that. There are military facts that will dictate to no small degree the conclusions drawn by the policy-makers.

After the Yom Kippur War, when it was felt that Israel's tardiness in transporting troops and materiel to the battle arena had given the enemy a clear tactical advantage, it was decided to move

One can imagine the problems of having to relocate an air base. But when these are added to moving units of tanks and artillery, as well as engineering equipment and service bases, not to mention telephone lines and communications bases — the mind boggles. And all this while maintaining a state of constant readiness, lest the period of disorganization be used by one or more of the confrontation states to launch an attack.

There are several basic security

moored and Artillery Corps.

The IDF has grown by several hundred per cent since the pre-1967 days when the Negev was considered adequate for manoeuvres. The loss of Sinai as a training ground is — absurd as this may sound — a problem of major proportions.

THERE SEEMS to have been some change in Israel's thinking on the question of Sharm el-Sheikh. Until recently, defence analysts were reportedly against relinquishing direct control of the

however, has never been justified solely by the need to protect shipping to Ellat, but rather because it is an excellent base from which to threaten shipping in the Gulf of Suez and in the Gulf of Ellat.

Of the 100-odd ships that pass through the Bab el-Mandeb Straits at the Horn of Africa each day, less than 10 are on their way to Ellat. The majority are headed for the Canal or for Akaba. Very few ships reach Saudi Arabia, which still has to develop its port facilities.

By being able to block the entrance to both the Gulf of Suez and the Gulf of Ellat from Sharm, Israel in fact possesses the ability to deter any direct action against Israeli shipping at Bab el-Mandeb. Thus Sharm is an important base for Israel, and one would think that precisely because we can expect to gain passage through the Suez Canal in return for any further withdrawal in Sinai, the importance of this base would increase enormously.

The oft-heard argument that Sharm will be difficult for Israel to defend if the rest of Sinai is returned to Egypt, is a valid one. But the difficulty wouldn't be so great if Sinai were demilitarized and under the surveillance of a neutral party. Nonetheless, Israeli soldiers stationed at Sharm would be vulnerable. And Israel's presence there, apart from being tenuous at best, would be almost totally dependent on the goodwill between the parties.

Additional short-term tactical problems would be created by the return of certain strategic positions in the desert and of the roads in which Israel has invested heavily (but which become irrelevant in terms of security should the Sinai no longer have to be defended).

The newly-discovered oil deposits have obvious strategic implications. But a solution can no doubt be worked out, either on a partnership basis (this has been suggested as a means of strengthening ties between Israel and Egypt) or on a compensatory one.

THE QUESTION of a possible retreat of Israeli forces from the West Bank is far more complicated than any withdrawal from Sinai. Jordan's borders are the closest to Israel's population centres. And Jordan is known to have a fine army which, although small, is well trained, well equipped and highly motivated. It is capable of inflicting considerable damage should King Hussein opt to go to war.

Jordan is also open to some of Israel's most implacable enemies, including Syria and Iraq, and could be used as a major base for operations against Israel by the Reaction Front.

It seems that Israel must insist at this stage on maintaining some form of military presence on the West Bank. Military thinkers here are known to be almost unanimously against handing over the Jordan Ridge — a mountain range that provides Israel with the early-warning system it needs since Jerusalem is only three minutes' flying time away from Jordanian military airfields.

In addition to the purely formal military aspects, however, there is the headache of how to control possible terrorism from a returned West Bank. Before 1967, when Israel took over control of the West Bank, the area was constantly used as a base for attack against Israeli settlements and villages.

Israel will undoubtedly want guarantees regarding the control



Quid pro quon at Alexandria: Ezer Weizman and Abdul-Ghani Gamasy.

of terror — guarantees that are no less clear and binding than those concerning any military arrangements with Jordan. This could be one of the largest stumbling blocks in trying to formulate a detailed plan for the area, since there are many unknown

elements. The problems of maintaining a limited military presence along the Jordan River are similar to those of retaining Sharm el-Sheikh in a Sinai that has been returned to Egypt. The bases — or, rather, the outposts — along the Jordan

will be Israeli islands in a foreign, potentially hostile sea, and as such highly vulnerable.

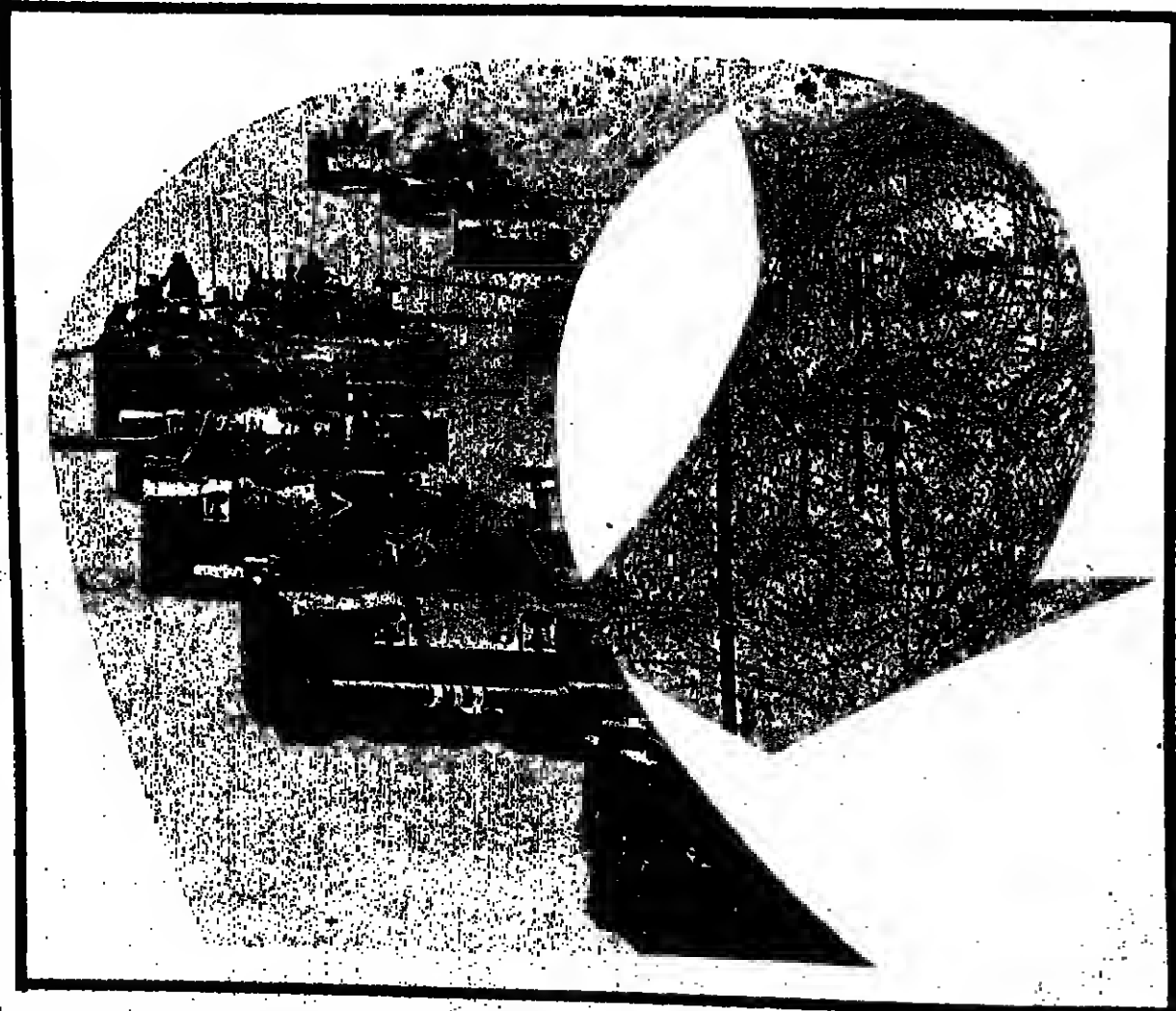
One recalls the situation on Mount Scopus between 1948 and 1967, when the presence of Israeli policemen there — isolated and surrounded — often precluded an adequate Israeli response in provocation in other sectors of the Jordanian border.

Small pockets of Israeli troops along the Jordan River, cut off from Israel — even if the West Bank is demilitarized, and even in the unlikely event that Jordan will agree to pull back its army for several dozen kilometres east of the river — would be in danger of becoming Israel's first victims in another war.

planners whose job it is to ignore politics and deal with security implications.

The Middle East — in purely military terms — is not the same region that existed before the Six Day War. All the confrontation states have invested billions of dollars in their arsenals. Saudi Arabia and Libya have joined the arms race. Weapons are more sophisticated, more deadly. There have been radical transformations in Africa which have clear strategic implications for Israel. The petrodollar and its international power are new. World attitudes to war and peace have changed.

It is thus impossible to apply pre-1967 realities to any argument about Israel's security needs today. Like everyone else, we are dealing with a new and constantly changing reality. And because security depends on one's understanding of reality, no debate on potential withdrawal and its implications can be premature. □



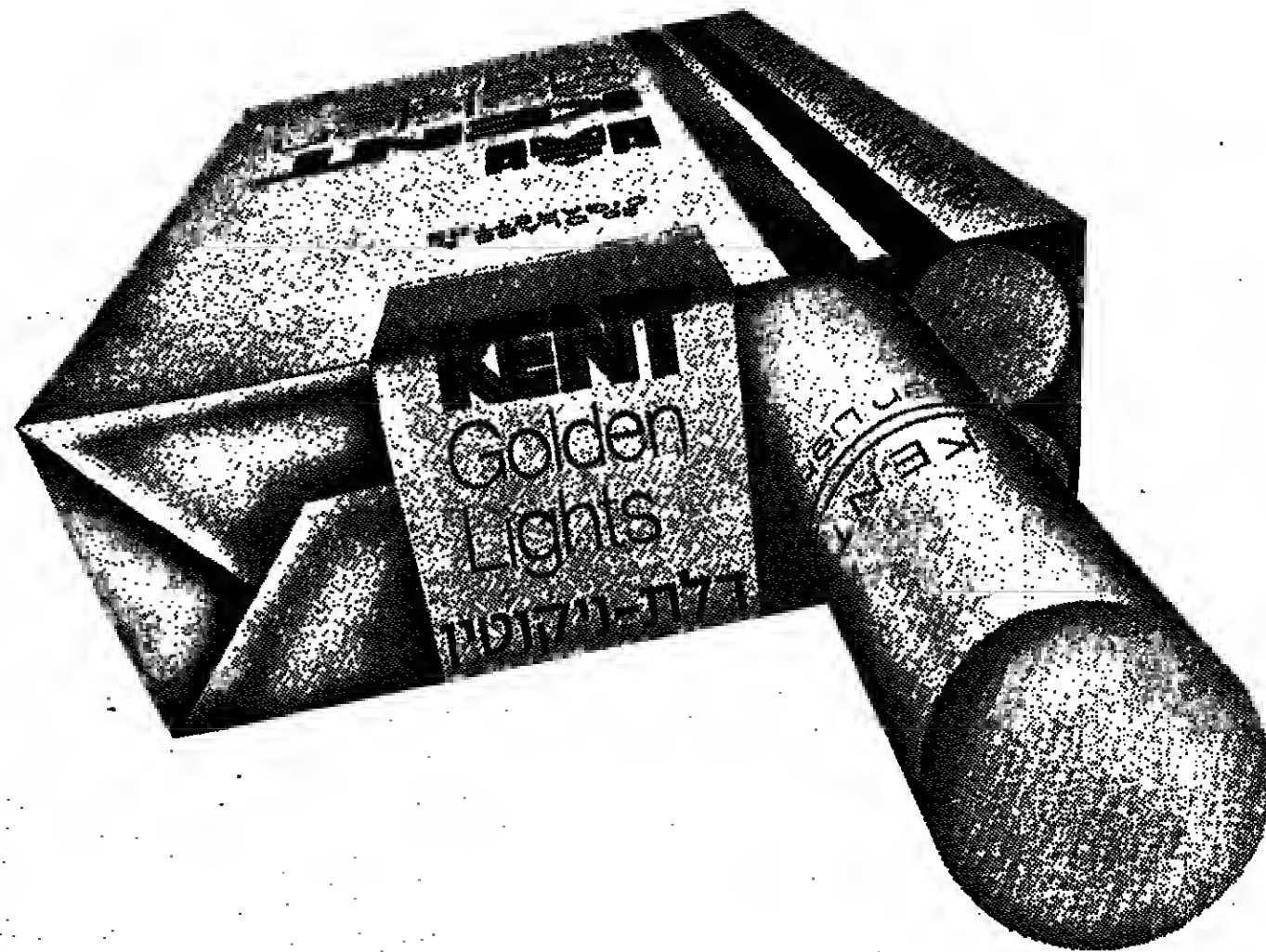
the country's emergency supplies from secure bases in the centre of the country to forward bases closer to what was believed would be Israel's new border.

This was done, and billions of pounds were spent in the process. The emergency stores have been placed along a specific line in accordance with a specific philosophy, and it is doubtful whether either the investment or the philosophy will be ignored in the formulation of the next settlement.

problems that would arise from a pullback and would have to be dealt with before the details of alternative is going to have to be stated to Israel's early-warning equivalent facilities are needed to replace those in use at Rafidim — a former Egyptian base that has grown to gigantic proportions under Israeli use during the last 10 years; and not less important, a vast area will have to be found as a training ground for the Ar-

crucial spot that controls access to both the Gulf of Ellat and the Gulf of Suez. But Israel now seems prepared to either hand the base over to a neutral party — the Americans — or enter into a long-term lease arrangement with Egypt.

Any handing over of Sharm will no doubt be linked to freedom of navigation for Israeli ships through the Suez Canal; thus technically reducing the importance of the Port of Ellat. Israeli control of Sharm,



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FOOTBALL AND DIPLOMACY

DAVID LANDAU

Our men in Cairo, Editor ARI RATH and Diplomatic Correspondent DAVID LANDAU, record their impressions of Egypt after almost two weeks in the city on the Nile. Photographs by Rahamim Yisraeli.

STRANGE BECAUSE IT ISN'T

ARI RATH

CAIRO. — "It wasn't the Israelis," the "touristic policeman" exploded earnestly. "Not bombs. Just a fire. By accident." He was telling my friend and myself why port of Mohammed Ali's palace atop Cairo's Citadel is a charred ruin.

"Just like al-Akso in Jerusalem," I wanted to say. But his English was not up to abstract historical recollections, so instead I said, "I am Israeli, you know."

He seemed to smile and frown at the same time, as though all the old and the new associations of the word "Israeli" were rushing through his mind, all jumbled together.

Then the frown faded, and only the smile remained, spreading from ear to ear. He held out his hand and we shook hands and immediately launched into an animated discussion of "Begin and Sadat, shalom and shalom" — the discussion that Israelis and Egyptians are holding all over Cairo these days.

As if to demonstrate our newfound friendship, he stopped impromptu to buy an alabaster statue of Ramses of the trinkets stall nearby.

"Touristic policemen," though they wear uniforms and carry pistols, are apparently not above accepting a little gratuity for their efforts, and our friend was no exception. But he said he would cherish the Israeli IL10 note which we gave him as a parting gesture much more than the Egyptian "half-guinea" that came with it.

The alabaster statue vendor, his huge girth shrouded in a flowing robe, came puffing up to get his IL10 note too, and so did a stately looking old man selling carved African back-scratchers. All three stood, an odd-looking trio, weaving

Moses Montefiore's picture and shouting "Shalom" and "Meet in Tel Aviv" as we drove off.

IT WAS that initial expression, betraying mixed and conflicting emotions, that sticks in my mind, because it is a more honest and more accurate reflection of feelings here than the syncretized slogans of enthused crowds, waiting in the streets for the Israeli delegation to appear.

Sadat did not go to Cannes on November 20 — end by the same token Cairo is not Calais, whose hughers surrendered to the enemy and made ready to die.

There is a passionate, enveloping desire for peace here, but not — to use the well-worn Israeli phrase — for "peace at any price." I do not know what the literacy figures are for Cairo; correct statistics are notoriously hard to come by in Egypt. But literacy itself has become irrelevant now, as far as political public opinion is concerned, because even people who cannot read can watch television and listen to the radio — and they shape their views accordingly.

And with news and views here heavily influenced by the government, public opinion — at all levels — is ardently concerned about every square kilometre of Sinai sand, and about independence for the Palestinians. The elite use words like "territorial integrity, sovereignty." The other people speak simply of "Israeli soldiers getting out of all of Sinai and giving the Palestinians their own state on the West Bank."

"Do not think," a middle-level civil servant at the Ministry for Reconstruction warned me, "that we are seeking peace because we

are no longer able to make war. We want peace for our wives and children and parents — and yours too. But you Israelis will have to come to terms with the Palestinians if there is to be peace here."

A fourth-year geology student at Cairo University, who had fought in the Yom Kippur War and lost a brother in it, echoed Sadat's "no more war" wish, his eyes glistening with honest emotion. But in the same breath he declared that Yasser Arafat was the legitimate leader of the Palestinians and would, he was sure, eventually have to be brought into the negotiating process. He seemed confident that the Israelis were aware of this reality and were, albeit painfully, accommodating themselves to it.

This handsome young man and his friend, and the friend's girlfriend, directed me through the streets of Cairo to the National Assembly Building, whispering excitedly to everyone we passed that I was an Israeli, and eliciting excited smiles in return.

IT SEEMS unlikely that Egypt will want to resort to "ping-pong diplomacy" to help the real political negotiations along. "After Sadat himself has visited Jerusalem," explained Hamdi el-Gammal, editor of *Al-Ahram*, "anything like a ping-pong team would only be an anticlimax."

What he did not say, but what we feel here, is that Egypt is still being, at this stage, discreetly reserved about ideas for grassroots human contacts before a final settlement is signed.

If that attitude changes in the weeks ahead, though, Israel would do well to invite Egypt's football champions, el-Ehli of

CAIRO. — The strangest thing about being an Israeli in Cairo these days is that it does not feel strange at all. It is a shock, an experience which only distances of time and place will enable one to assess properly.

Saying that you are an Israeli is the best password in Egypt today. It opens many doors — almost all, except those Cairo's officialdom purposely keeps barred. One is often met with open arms and hearts, going far beyond the traditional embrace and kiss of this part of the world. At times it is a genuine euphoria, anticipating peace, as expressed frantically by the hysterical orise of friendly, though wild crowds in the streets.

One must ask what will happen after this euphoria peaks. What will satisfy the masses after peace comes? Who will become the soapgoat for their misery?

CAIRO is a city of many contrasts. During this long, eventful week, we have been exposed to three worlds, the first of which is the somewhat sterile and inbred world at Mena House. The international press corps — Israeli, Egyptian, Russian, American, Japanese, British, French and German journalists, and those from several dozen other countries represented here — mingle freely, exchanging views and tidbits of information, often generating news on their own.

Then there is the world of official, intellectual, sophisticated Egypt, represented by newspaper editors, journalists, artists, writers and, of course, senior government officials. They miss no opportunity to impress upon us

the importance of paying the "full price" for Sadat's initiative. There are different variations to this theme, but the basic idea is always there: "Now, that we have open, friendly and peaceful relations, as evidenced by the presence and free movement of nearly 200 Israelis in Cairo, you Israelis have nothing to fear. This is your security; you have to give back all our land."

"We have given you everything you wanted," they say, "recognition, acceptance as a friendly neighbor and genuine peace you so much desired. It is now Israel's turn to reciprocate in kind."

The mere suggestion of territorial compromise and future presence of Israeli soldiers in some parts of Sinai brings an immediate outburst of indignation. Then comes an emotional diatribe about the tremendous risk Sadat has been taking, and about our shortsightedness.

These conversations are always friendly, and very personal. The Egyptians frankly admit that the mere thought of meeting freely with an Israeli editor or journalist seemed impossible only a few weeks ago. The conclusion is obvious: "We Egyptians have gone through a tremendous change and psychological shock. You Israelis, who must have found it easier to adjust to this entirely new situation, must match this effort with commensurate acts."

THEN THERE IS the third world, of Cairo's "real" people. We come into contact with some of them — the cab driver, the waiter, the junior security official who accompanies us on excursions to more distant and crowded places.

Their attitudes attest once more to the popularity of being an Israeli in Cairo today, that knowing an Israeli and being able to present him to friends and family is one of the best things that could happen to any Egyptian now.

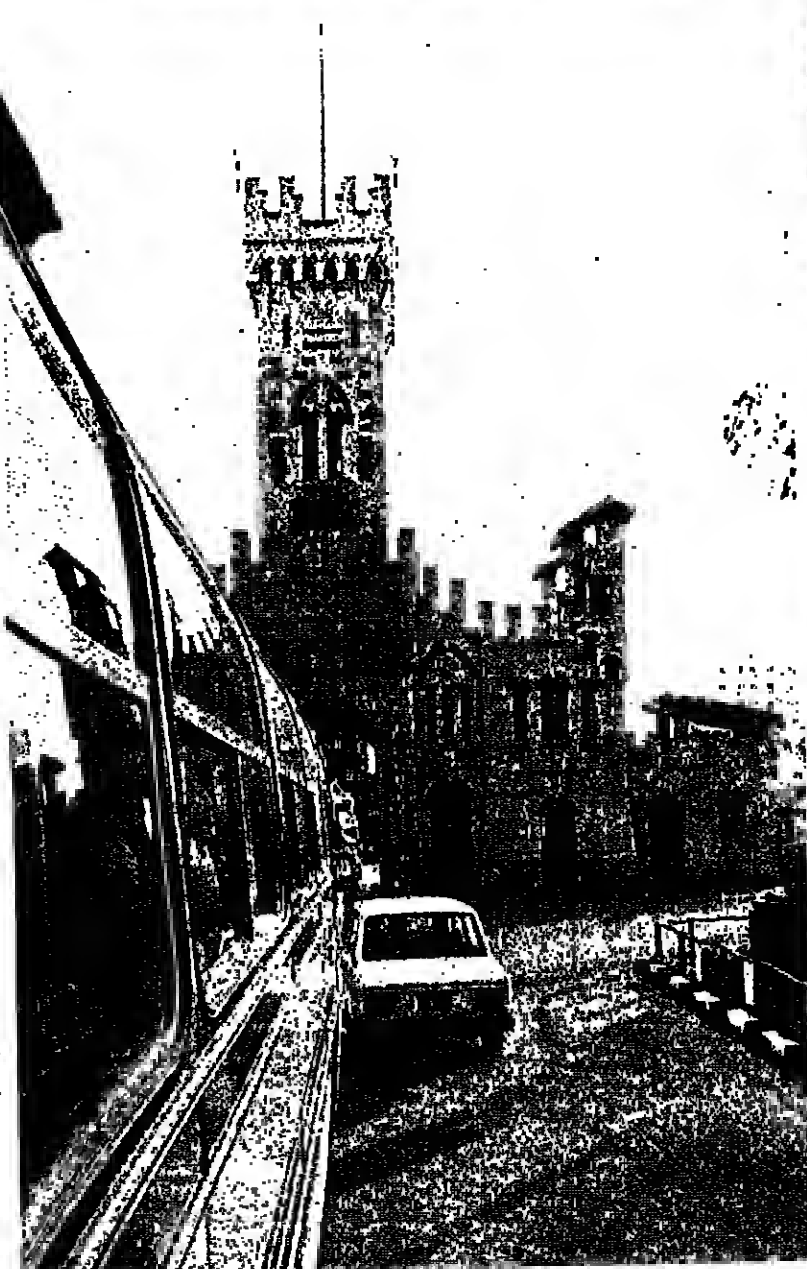
For them, meeting an Israeli is an opening to a hitherto totally strange world. The human, kind and pleasant Israeli, without horns and without a rifle, is a new and exciting experience, someone who might almost have come from outer space.

But for the masses outside, the Israelis in Cairo symbolize a great deal more. For them the prospect of attaining peace is synonymous with attaining economic progress and prosperity. To them, this means a way out of their often appalling misery. The slogan that peace should make it possible to divert huge resources to economic development is taken literally by these people. And they will be impatient to see results — immediate results.

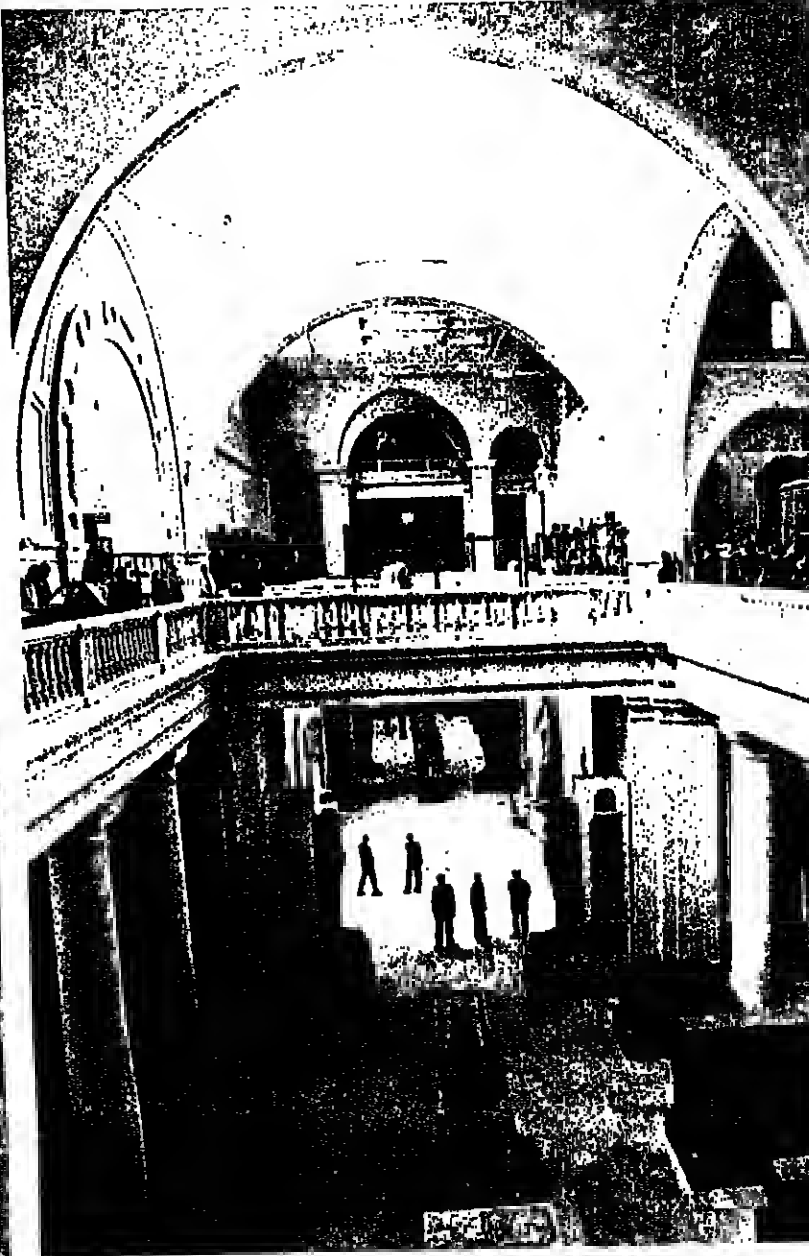
The equation seems simple to them: Walzman-Gamesy talks this week, plus the Begin-Sadat meeting next Sunday, mean that peace and prosperity are very near.

They will be impatient to see how that peace affects their own day-to-day lives. If Sadat cannot deliver, they might well take to the streets, just as they rioted and burned Cairo's plush night clubs last January.

WE ARE MEETING with the chief editor of *Al-Ahram* in his stately executive office, accompanied by a security guard whose monthly wages do not exceed 80 Egyptian pounds (IL675). A



(Above) Israeli bus passes entrance to al-Montazah, King Farouk's Garden Palace. (Right) Gallery of the Egyptian Museum, which delegation visited last week.



Cairo, to play in Tel Aviv. Our own Maccabi or Betar would be thoroughly trounced — and this would buoy popular feelings here no end, and could do the negotiations only good.

El-Ehli this week defeated with ease the famous (though now declining) German team of Bayern Munich, putting on a fine exhibition of skilful football that delighted the 70,000 crowd at the huge Nasser stadium — and made up, in some small measure, for Egypt's earlier humiliating World Cup knockout at the hands of Tunisia.

El-Ahli's "Uri Malmilian" is a young goal-poacher named el-Hatib, who made one end scored another before falling in agony — to the anguish of the crowd — only to rise again and hobble off to the accompaniment of raucous cheering. Germany's former superstar, Mueller, was curbed almost throughout the game by el-Ahli's determined if ragged-looking defence, and could find the net only for a 79th minute consolation goal.

WHEN PEACE comes, at any rate, Israel will have to pull up its football socks if it has pretensions to be the top team in the region.

Apart from the bell-play moreover, Israel could learn much from the fair play that one sees on the field here, and, perhaps even more important, from the civilized and sportsmanlike conduct of the crowd, such a far cry from our own crude and indiscriminate mobs.

According to Abdel Meguid Noaman, sports editor of *Akhbar el-Yom* and my host for the Bayern-Ehli match, rowdiness on the stands is hardly known here — even though football supporters

(Continued on page 8)



Tourists aren't the only ones busy with cameras in Cairo these days. Local man seems as intent on photography as Israel delegation's Dan Patitt.



special phone rings and we are asked to leave the room for a few minutes. The voice at the other end was familiar and friendly; the call is from Jamaliya, to update Ali Hamdi el-Gammal about latest developments. We hear friendly laughter through the thick door. Afterwards our conversation continues.

We are back to discussing future global link-ups, following peace between Egypt and Israel. We are being assured that the mood of the role (President) is good, that he seems to feel that everything is going his way. The message is clear: Egypt will insist on exacting the full price for its peace opening. If it is not paid, Sadat will go before world public opinion, and brandish Israel's "inflexible stand."

In the mind of Egyptians — at least the educated and more sophisticated among them — the peace-making process is not always smooth and easy.

There are some who fully accept the new, peaceful and friendly attitudes towards Israel, and really try to adjust their mind to this new phenomenon. There are those who dutifully follow the "new line," but find it difficult to hide their reservations and suspicions, rooted in years of teachings in hatred and distrust.

And there are those who still quite openly use phrases which are supposed to be outdated in this "new era."

In the middle of an innocent, casual conversation, or while spending half an hour in getting a phone call through in Cairo, an Egyptian colleague will ask

(Continued on page 8)

مركز من الأصل

(Continued from page 7)

are every bit as avid and enthusiastic as anywhere on earth.

AT THE GAME I watched there was appreciative clapping for the other side, respect for the referee even when his decision was unpopular, not a single projectile thrown onto the pitch, and a general atmosphere of participating in a sporting event rather than of participating in a violent riot.

Abdel Meguid Noamen is a story himself, especially for Post readers. His "link" with the paper, he recalled, was forged back in 1943 when he captained the Sporting Club of Cairo team on a tour of Palestine arranged by the then-Palestine Post correspondent Levon Kashishien, who is now of-Ahram correspondent at the UN.

"At Tel Aviv we stayed at the Ben Remo Hotel," he said. "I wonder if it still exists today. In Jerusalem we were at the King David — I know that still exists... We played also in Rehovot, Ramat David and Hefo."

Abdel Meguid, a sports writer of international standing, had a word of praise for the Israeli 1968 World Cup squad — "especially the centre-forward... what was his name? Spiegler."

At international sports writers conferences he had often seen Israelis, and relations were "very friendly." They did not actually talk to each other — "but you can feel it," he said with perfect sincerity.

AMONG THE beribboned army generals, the police commissioners in their dark gilests, the long-robed Gulf State sheikhs

and the tattered Egyptian mandarins who peopled the members stand was another veteran Egyptian sportsman interested in comparing his country's prowess with ours — but in a different field: basketball.

Abdel Monem Wabli, until last year the Minister for Sport, captained an Egyptian basketball team before the Second World War, half of whose members came from such clubs as Cairo Maccabi and Cairo Hakoah. "There was David Harari and Maurice Horari, and a Miraschi from Alexandria," he reminisced as we spent half-time sipping sweet tea in the oak-paneled El-Ehli board room.

(On the carpet at our feet another well-dressed man was performing his afternoon devotions. No one among the tea sippers so much as batted an eyelid, and when he had finished he slipped on his shoes and joined the conversation — an example of the refreshingly frank and uncomplicated attitude of all Egyptians, the observant and the less so, to the practice of their faith. This might be another area in which open human contact with Egypt will be beneficial and instructive to us in Israel.)

Another man, hearing the name Harari, interrupted to say he had heard that one of the Hararis was killed in a motor accident in South Africa. This man too had been a member of the Egyptian national basketball team more than 40 years ago.

The two men sat passively for a moment, reflecting on their Jewish sporting friends of a generation ago — and perhaps, too, on the hope of resuming those friendships now, and forging new ones. □

(Continued from page 7)

suddenly: "What about the land?"

"What about it?" I reply. "The land you have taken from us. You must give it back, otherwise we can't live in peace." I am told. It is a familiar tune, though voiced in a new and different setting.

One tries to explain the meaning of peace and security and how Patah units attacked us across the pre-1967 borders.

Even those with firmly entrenched opposite views, agree to listen, and to argue civilly.

We try to explain that the problem is not of having a Palestinian state, but of building a farcically hostile neighbour state, at the doorsteps of our homes. Occasionally one does make a dent by using Egypt's revolutionary change of attitude as an example. It is at least a new way of trying to discuss and settling differences.

But when it comes to Egypt's demands, there are no two ways of going about it. "Egyptian sovereignty must be restored on every inch of our territory" the often-repeated theme goes.

LET THERE be no mistake. There will not be any easy shortcuts, the genuine yearning of many Egyptians for peace and normal relations with Israel notwithstanding.

Although this newly created personal contact has pulled down many psychological barriers, our very presence here in Cairo is often regarded as a major Egyptian concession, which has a price tag of its own.

The fast-developing opening

creates the strangest situations. On Tuesday, for instance, I submitted an article to October magazine, on Israel's understanding of "peace and security," at the special request of one of its well-known commentators and columnists, Mrs. Miriam Robbin.

Her family comes from Hebron and moved to Cairo thirty years ago. She asked for the article after a long discussion between us. At least, this is a new dimension to the conflict, which can help create better understanding.

Tuesday evening I was interviewed on Cairo TV together with the editor of Rose el-Youssef, Muriel Shafey. We discussed the state of progress of the "peace initiative." The moderator was one of the assistant directors of the State Information Service, Sa'ad Nabil.

The discussion was fair, and I was even allowed to "score" a number of points, especially regarding the role of the PLO.

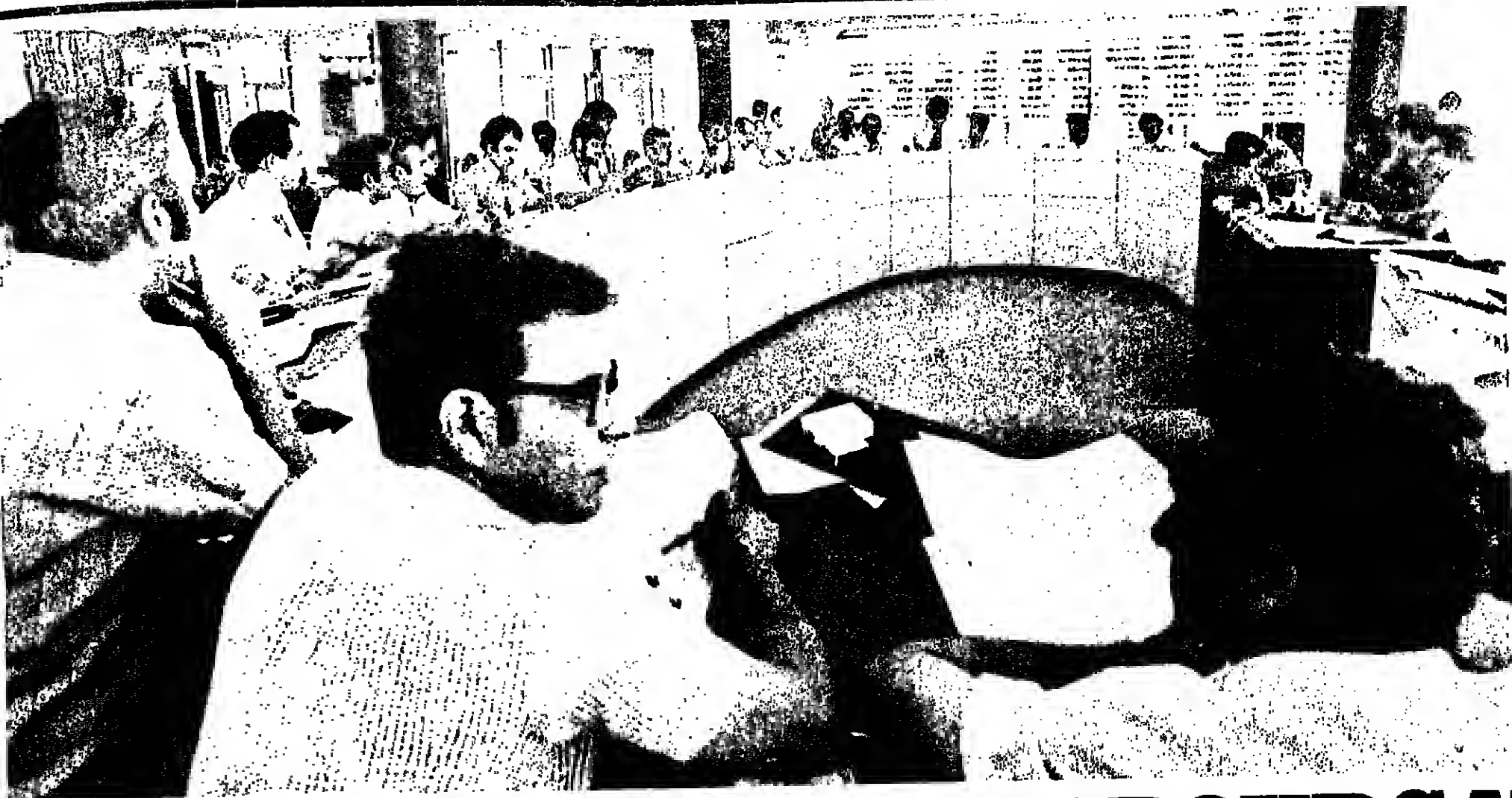
THESE ARE some of the positive points in this new and most sensitive fabric of what is slowly taking shape as Israel-Egypt relations.

But the attempt by Cairo to move ahead, and to increase the peace-pressure without let-up and through every possible channel is there, all the time. Israel will have to keep its nerves iron-tight, to stand the pressures while hammering out a truly acceptable compromise for both sides.

These are the lights and the shadows of Israel's first exposure to Egypt's society and body politic. It is a hopeful beginning, but it is replete with dangerous pitfalls. □

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1977



TAKING STOCK AT THE 'BOURSA'

The phenomenal growth of trading on the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange in the past two years makes it imperative that the regulations governing the 'Bourse' be brought up-to-date, writes JOSEPH MORGENSTERN, who covers the financial scene for The Jerusalem Post.

ABOUT HALF a century ago, the New York Stock Exchange was the province of a few people who took ample advantage of their ability to manipulate securities for their own ends. Names like Mellon, J. P. Morgan and Krueger, the match king, were prominent.

Practices such as "cornering a stock" abounded. A group of individuals would pool their resources and start buying up a specific security. They would go on buying until the supply dried up. At this point they would circulate rumours about the company whose stock they held.

The rumours might include a possible merger, or excellent financial results. They were aimed at attracting new buyers at higher price levels. When these came into the market, the original group which had effectively achieved trading control by cornering the stock would slowly and judiciously sell it and thus reap a profit. Once this process was concluded, they would float negative rumours which drove the price of the share down. In this manner the process could be repeated again and again. It was only in the wake of the great Wall Street crash of 1929 that the Roosevelt administration instituted legislation which resulted in the Securities and Exchange Act of 1933. This clearly specified what was and was not permitted. It also provided for stiff penalties.

Anyone connected with the securities industry had to know the law and was tested on its contents. "Customer" men, the individuals who worked for brokers, had to be licensed. The right to be a customer's man was dependent on knowing all the rules and regulations and having a minimum period of experience in

a brokerage office. This was only one part of the law. Other sections dealt with the responsibility of corporations whose shares were listed on the exchange. In due course, quarterly financial reports became a must. Criteria were set for listing a company. These included a record of minimum profitability for a specified period, as well as a minimum number of shareholders.

IN MANY respects, the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange and the Israeli securities industry is today further ahead. Yet the past two years, with their phenomenal growth in trading turnover, have shown the need for an adjustment of the law and its regulations.

Dr. Meir Hatz, deputy general manager of the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange, stated recently that the Securities Law was, being overhauled and that the new bill would be tabled in the Knesset in the not too distant future. Indicative of the problems involved was the recent announcement by the Securities Authority that it was filing criminal charges against two listed companies for not reporting their financial details. Apparently that criteria are also to be set for financial advisers.

The importance of implementing and updating regulations is twofold. The main function of any securities exchange is the raising of funds for industry and other types of enterprises. In effect, the stock market will replace the government in providing various kinds of loans on preferential conditions.

The Likud government has gone to great lengths to emphasize its support for the activities of the Bourse. The government's laissez

faire attitude towards the Stock Exchange is also expressed in its wish to sell its holding in various companies, whether to private sources or by way of the Exchange.

The second reason for bringing regulations up to date is to protect the public from unfair practices. When an investor risks hard-earned savings, he should do so with the clear knowledge that he has the maximum protection that the law affords.

A MORE controversial issue is the role of the country's banks. The banks with their vast outgrowth of branches have direct access to a considerable proportion of the public, who by and large follow their recommendations. This power must carry with it an attendant degree of responsibility toward the client. In professional financial language this is referred to as protection of client interest.

This is all the more important since the banks' representatives sit on the Exchange and carry out the functions of dealers for their clients, while at the same time they are entitled to deal for their own account. Furthermore, it is the banks that manage all the mutual funds, which means that they constantly have at their disposal vast sums of money which must be invested at their discretion.

This multiple role of the banks is far from being unique. In Germany, the banks are in a similar position and in Switzerland, partially so. In both these countries, a suitable *modus vivendi* has been achieved and conflicts of interest and other problems seldom arise. That is not to say that some of the recent allegations against the banks are totally unfounded.

In view of this, the authorities

will have to take steps to enforce secrecy and to regulate the banks' role as investor for their own account. Yet one must also view the fact that it is in the bank's own commercial interest that its clients do not lose on investments made in its own or other securities. A dissatisfied client is likely to change his bank, especially when the banks are making tempting offers to attract new customers.

ONE FACTOR that is perhaps overlooked in the whole discussion of the securities markets is the widespread ignorance on the part of the investor. To a great extent he is not to be blamed. There is very little literature available to explain the function of the markets or how one should evaluate investments in equities.

Here, both the banks and the regulatory agencies are to blame. The former have done a more than creditable job in publishing data on mutual funds. Profitability tables and performance charts for a number of years are available in pamphlets that are easy to read.

However, in the case of shares, such information is sorely lacking. At present, there is only one organization publishing an authoritative weekly newsletter. Whatever the banks prepare is for internal consumption only. Company write-ups and analyses are currently supplied only to the banks and the public is not privy to this information.

Once again, if we look at the American counterpart, the New York Stock Exchange, we find that large budgets are available for the preparation of objective investment literature. Most of the

brokerage houses provide their clients with a constant flow of literature that can be used as a basis for investment decisions.

Such services are badly needed in Israel and there does not appear to be an easy or early solution to the problem. For the time being, the investor will have to depend on his bank's investment adviser or broker, as the case may be, for knowledgeable, professional advice and guidance.

Extending membership of the Exchange to non-banking groups will give the investor a choice as to who shall effect his investments.

THE RECENT stock market slide has been severe. More than 25 per cent of all values have melted away. People who invested fresh funds in the period immediately before November 17 have found the experience painful, to say the least. On the other hand, although the long-term investor, who bought shares a year ago or longer, has had to watch his paper profits diminishing, he has to admit that his money has shown an above-average return.

Most financial experts agree that it is unlikely that we shall experience another boom such as we saw in the 18-month period beginning in July 1976. Nevertheless, a judicious investment of a part of one's funds in shares, at current price levels, should work out satisfactorily.

The key to success in investment lies in diversification. Even the sages of the Talmud expounded this theory. Those who are not willing to follow this concept will have to rely on the advice of the computer programmed to answer the question how best to invest in common shares. The printout read: Buy low and sell high. □

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1977

PAGE NINE

الصل من الأصل

IT IS NOT difficult to find Damascus's 3,500 Jews. The majority still live in a ghetto in the Old City, pray at one of the city's seven synagogues, and frequent kosher butcher-shops.

Besides, many members of the Jewish community are well known throughout Damascus.

There are the four Jewish gold merchants, for example, who are so influential that the city's enormous gold souk, a market run almost entirely by Christians, closes down each week not only on Sunday but also for half of Saturday. "Without the Jews, who don't work on Saturday," explained an Armenian, "it's often difficult to ascertain the going price of gold."

One Jewish gold merchant is considered such an expert that he is consulted whenever the National Bank of Syria is asked to value old coins.

Also well known are the craftsmen who make the fabulous copper plates, inlaid with gold and silver, that retail for as much as \$400 each. This is an exclusively Jewish craft, whose secrets have been passed on from father to son down the generations.

THE government will supply any interested tourist with a pamphlet on Syrian Jewry, published by the National Association of Arab Americans. Our Syrian Jew is a 28-page defence of Mike Wallace's controversial "Sixty Minutes" programme and a series of articles by foreign journalists like David Hirst of *The Guardian*, who visited the ghetto and concluded that there was "no evidence of ill treatment."

Jews have little patience for the pamphlet or for newsmen like Mike Wallace.

"Didn't Wallace realize that you can't interview people in a country like Syria and expect to get the true story if it is critical of the government?" asked a young Jew. "Didn't he realize that when it was all over and he was home in America, we would still be here, with our fates and those of our friends and families in the hands of the Syrian government?"

But, admitted the young man, the past two years have been the best in his life. A series of international demonstrations, coupled with diplomatic pressure from the West, resulted in the lifting of many of the restrictions imposed on Syrian Jewry.

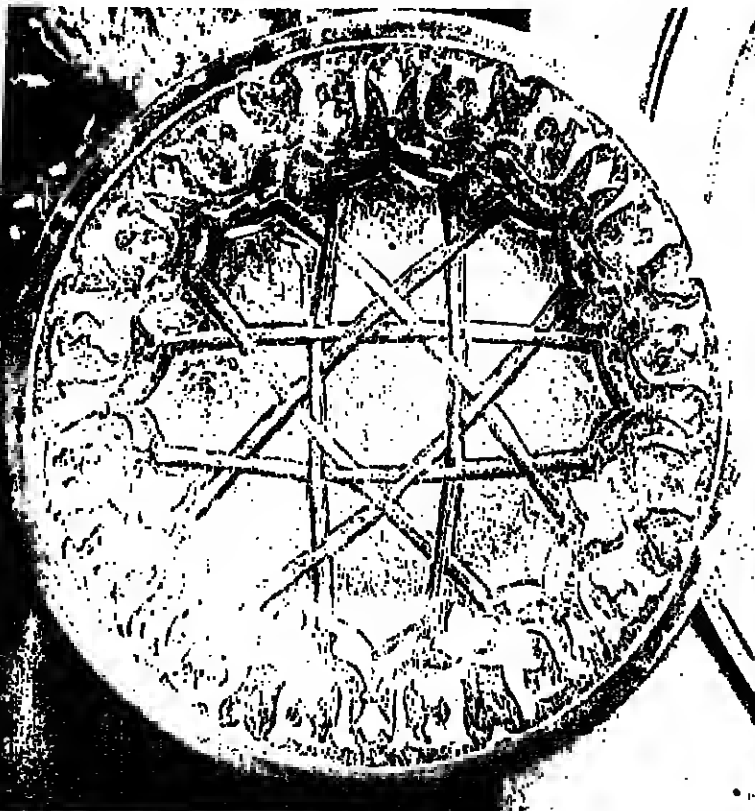
SINCE LATE 1976, Jews have been permitted to buy cars, to export goods, to travel freely within Syria, to attend university, to work at jobs previously closed to them. Harassment, stone-throwing and beatings by the Palestinian refugees who live with them in the ghetto, have ceased. In fact, some Jews said that if such actions occurred today, the ghetto police would actually protect them.

But Syrian Jews are still far from free. When I asked a family to direct me from their home to the nearby synagogue and kosher butcher-shop, they refused. "There are secret police everywhere," they warned, "and once you've shown an interest in the general community you will be followed, and it will be hard for us to meet and talk freely."

When I invited a young Jew to spend an evening with me, he shook his head from public view until we were out of the Old City. "Technically, there is no curfew and I can go where I please," he explained. "But several months ago someone from the community visited some American Jews in their hotel room. As he left the hotel, he was arrested."

THE JEWS OF DAMASCUS

Emigration is the dream of most of the 3,500 Jews living in Syria's capital. Despite a marked improvement in their situation in the past two years, they still live in the shadow of fear, writes PEARL MILLER



Copper plate, inlaid with gold and silver, by Damascus Jewish craftsman; modern Damascus and her mother in traditional dress, on street in centre of city.



Israeli vehicle, captured in Yom Kippur War, stands outside Damascus Army Museum; President Hafez Assad's picture seems to be everywhere.



Yet, quite openly, showing no concern that someone might be listening to our conversation, Jews in the ghetto asked about Israel. Had I been there? What was it like? Could they make a living there?

MANY OF Damascus's young Jews introduce themselves by their Hebrew names, even when meeting non-Jews. Many also wear *merisot* and enamelled replicas of the Ten Commandments around their necks.

They are not permitted to wear a Magen David, however, nor are the copper craftsmen permitted to etch six-pointed stars — which Syrians consider the symbol of modern Israel — on their plates that depict biblical stories.

Jews are also discouraged from speaking Hebrew at home, though they learn it in their day schools and frequently incorporate Hebrew verses from the Bible in their art. And young men were anxious to show off the colloquial Hebrew expressions they had

probably picked up from Israel Radio's Third Channel and Abie Nathan's Voice of Peace.

All the Jews I met kept kosher, did not work or light fires on Shabbat, and contributed a portion of their earnings to the local community. They did not, however, wear *kippot* during the week. Some of the craftsmen did not openly display plates with "Jewish" themes in their shops, though I was told they all make them. Some are sold to Syria's occasional Jewish tourists; most are

bought by Lebanese Christians as gifts for Jewish friends.

WHAT THE JEWS of Damascus want most these days is the right to emigrate. So, I was told, do the 1,500 Jews of Aleppo and the 400 of Kamishli, a small town near the Turkish border.

"Even though our lives have improved," said one Jew, "we've seen the situation change so often that if there were an opportunity, most of us would leave. Inevitably, of course, a few young

people would remain behind, thinking that they have a stake in Syria's future, and a few old people would want to die here and be buried next to their ancestors."

The marriage by proxy last July of 14 young Syrian Jewish women considerably buoyed the community's hopes, but a few days after the women were permitted to emigrate to the United States, the Syrian government clamped down on Jewish travel abroad.

For almost six months, older Jews had been permitted to visit friends and relatives in the U.S. and Europe, providing they left behind, as a guarantee of return, young family members and a large cash deposit. The privilege was cancelled because many Syrian Jews were slipping into Israel to visit family they hadn't seen in years.

"The trips became general knowledge," explained a tailor. "It was too hard for people to hide from their friends the fact that they had seen their grandchildren."

The arrest and overnight detention of several dozen Syrian Jews put a damper on the community's high spirits. So did the return, a few months later, of two of the 14 brides.

"It was our fault that the girls returned," commented a community leader. "When we first conceived of the marriage-by-proxy idea, we simply submitted a list of 14 names. We didn't want to raise the community's hopes, so we consulted neither the girls nor their parents."

Then permission arrived, and it was too late to make any changes. From the beginning the two girls — at 15 and 20 they were the youngest of the group — did not want to go to New York. They simply were not mature enough to know what it means to live in a community devoid of eligible bachelors. They were too young to appreciate a chance to leave the ghetto. Next time — if there is a next time — we'll consult the girls."

Currently, there are more than two dozen women, most of them in their late 20s and early 30s, hoping for permission to emigrate to America so that they can find husbands. Some of their older sisters, unwilling to remain spinsters, married Moslems.

ANOTHER GROUP seeking permission to emigrate are the 440 Jews holding Iranian passports. They are the descendants of families who emigrated to Syria several generations ago, but never became Syrian nationals. Although the Iranian government has so far shown no signs of helping them to leave Syria, the "Persian" Jews of Damascus are hopeful that some Western diplomatic pressure may be put on the Shah.

A favourite counter-argument offered by the Syrian government to charges that the Jews are not permitted to emigrate is that according to law, no Syrian may leave the country permanently. Technically, I was told, this is true; yet every year many Syrian Moslems and Christians leave.

Says an Armenian who hopes to settle in Europe: "No one enforces the emigration regulations any more than they check to see you don't take more than \$75 in cash out of the country. Syria is a country truly tolerant of other religions. The problem of the Jews is political. Syria is afraid they will emigrate to Israel. No one wants to supply human resources to an enemy." A second article on Damascus will appear on Sunday's Middle East Page.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1977

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"NOT CAIRO AGAIN!" — My youngest is half joking, half impatient, as she watches Our Man in Egypt on the "Mabot" news — and her words bring home all the absurdity of these past weeks' events, all the bewilderment of this millennium spring on us.

It looks as if the greatest miracle of all is the speed with which we're getting used to miracles. Maybe it's because events have gone beyond the bounds of probability, and entered the realm of the impossible. The brain has simply switched off its computer and put out a sign: "Not working due to input overload."

The only ones who were not surprised are our holier-than-thou Progressives. They knew it all this time, and what's more, they told us so. "You hehks," they said, "you nationalistic nuts, you're killing all chance of a dialogue with our Arab neighbors for good." Quite. And now they're looking down on us again with the practiced superiority of a Jack-in-the-box, to tell us: "See? We were right all along, you warmongers you."

We can only blink. Because we haven't reached the stage where it's all a matter of course. To us, it still looks like all those pathetic monologues spread in the Purim supplements, where they used to stick Sadat's head on Ehrlieh's shoulders in a joint picture with Begin. A Purim joke. Next Purim, no doubt, some joker with a quick pair of scissors will put Yoruham Meshel's head on President Sadet's shoulders, ha ha.

For sure, as the men say, the millennium's a-coming.

PERSONALLY, I'm still just recovering my speech. Not because of Sadet's colorful visit to our black-and-white screens, but because of the mutual enthusiasm sweeping over the two peoples. Only two very old enemies are capable of taking such an instant fancy to each other.

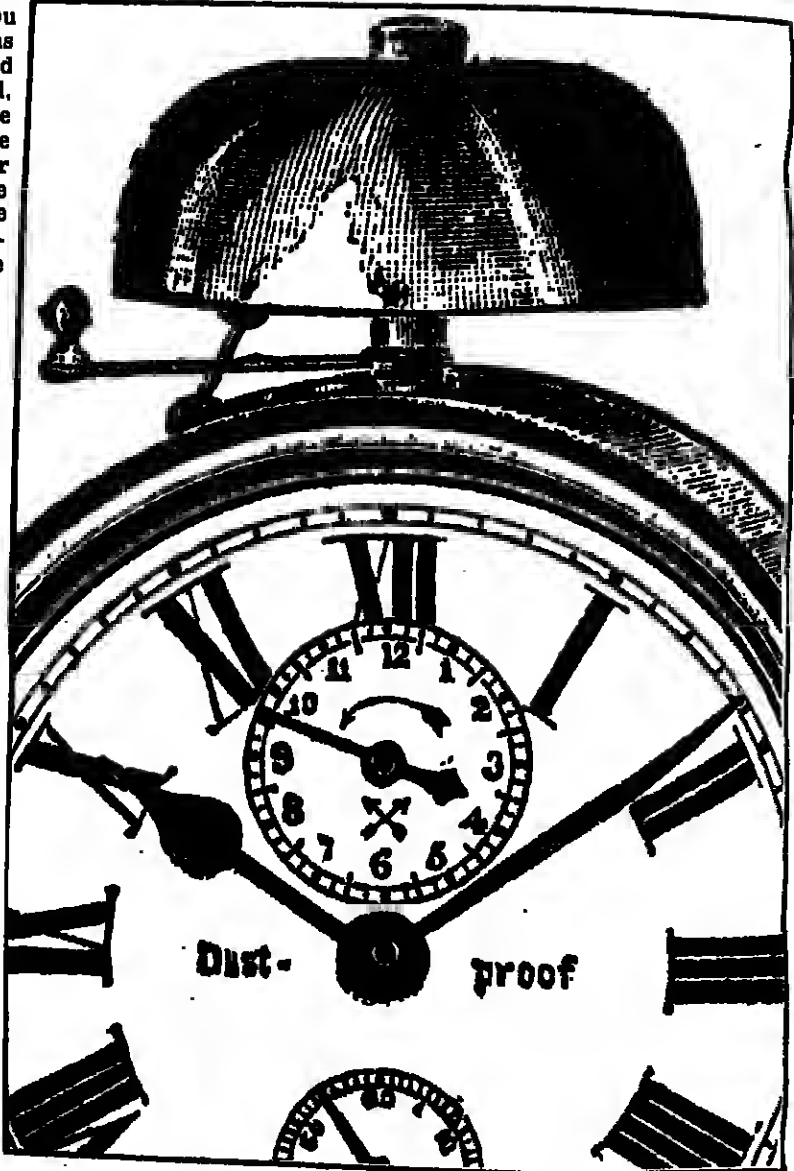
It's all gone so fast, we're still suffering from Future Shock.

It's forced us to do a bit of mental stock-taking too. As we watched the Egyptian President stand to attention for the Hotskva and sign his name in the book at Yad Vashem, we suddenly understood maybe for the first time in 30 years — where we are really living, where we belong. We realized that the nearest capitals aren't Bucharest or Chicago, but Cairo and Damascus. All of a sudden we felt a bit ashamed of not even knowing Arabic, and were rather jealous of our own Salah Shabati for being able to appreciate the flowing prose of our visitor and of his rival, Yitzhak Navon.

Yes, amid all the elation, this writer suddenly felt a tiny suspicion that he — who's been living in this country for nearly 30 years, who writes a better Hebrew than his three Palestinian kids, and who felt at home here from the first day — that he perhaps doesn't belong here. All of a sudden, as we watched the mustachioed President flashing us his most winning smile, we became aware of our awkward accent. All at once we felt we were a minority here, a passing phenomenon, a transient generation and the last of its kind. In a few years we'll have to make way for a bunch of healthy Mediterranean youngsters, who'll merge into the vast Semitic region, to become genuine children of the Orient with the help of Allah and the "Gasbahim."

There's no point questioning this process. It's right, it's proper, it's the way of things.

SPEAKING IN ANTICIPATION



Ephraim Kishon

that it is so and give it our blessing. Our kids will feel at home in Cairo, for better and for worse.

President Sadat was smart enough to grasp the point, and perhaps his bold decision had something to do with it. "You can't beat them and you can't join them," he said to himself, "so make them join you, and let time and the laws of demography do the rest."

Momentum, as the man says.

THERE'S no point questioning this process. Blessed be the generation that saw the dream come true. It's the logical thing for us to be assimilated with the peoples of the region, and it's all for the good. This writer acceps history's verdict with humility and satisfaction. He thanks God for having let him live to see the first promise of our integration into the area.

Still, somewhere deep in our heart there's a touch of sadness too. We, the old Diaspora fathers, are beginning to feel a bit redundant, to feel we may be left by the roadside as the rest march on to a better future.

And we can't even add "Inshallah."

Translated by Miriam Arad. By arrangement with "Ma'ariv."

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1977



Sister Mary Francoise at work in the garden of the Carmelite Convent. Mother Abraham of the Coptic Church combines Greek designs and African faces in her work.



MAKING MODERN ICONS

Several Jerusalem nuns have revived the ancient art of icon-painting, and are producing limited quantities of the distinctive religious art form. Their works are not the usual copies of old works found in many shops, but entirely new, writes ROBERT KAPLAN. The photographs were taken by Aliza Auerbach.

"THE ICON is an open window to heaven, providing a peek into the celestial reality. Something happens between the icon and the soul. So I pray before taking up my brush." The words come from a Catholic nun, in a bare room atop the Mount of Olives, tinged seifrom by autumn sunlight piercing the convent window.

Carmelite Sister Mary Francoise has made 30 Greek icons in the five years since she was "pushed into" the craft by other members of the French-speaking, contemplative order. She is not unique here. Jerusalem, where many of the scenes depicted in icons were traditionally enacted, has become a hive of activity for these symbolic portrayals on wood.

Most of the Orthodox churches and some of the Roman Catholic orders claim nuns like Mary Francoise, re-discovering this universally accepted art form rooted in the early Byzantine Church, and working a few steps away from old masterpieces kept in private and public chapels of the Holy City.

"This icon is an open window to heaven because there is nothing there for the senses. Either you relate to it immediately or you

never do," said Sister Mary. The icon is not meant to stir the senses, just the spirit. The style is not realistic and rarely varies. The artists usually remain anonymous. The faces don't look real. The bodies are too long, the eyes too big. Their total appearance is stiff and conventional due to the two-dimensional, ornamental quality of Byzantine tradition. The effects of personal realism have been stripped away to forge "a relationship with the divine," explained the Canadian-born sister.

Icons, from the Greek *eikon* meaning "image," were first done using wax as a medium to carry the natural pigment derived from plants. Many of these 6th Century works were destroyed during a period of church controversy over their proper role. In the later Middle Ages, egg tempera replaced wax as a medium. And it is this technique which is employed by Jerusalem's icon makers today. The wood used here is plywood, since olive or cypress wood is too expensive. The wood is then treated with *levkas*, a Russian corruption of the Greek word for "white," consisting of egg yolk, chalk, animal

glue, vinegar and water. It is made fresh each time by the nuns themselves and cannot be bought commercially.

Byzantine icons were made profusely until 1453, when Constantinople fell to the Ottoman Turks. After that, the art was transplanted to Russia, where it remained until the 1917 Revolution. Thus Russian icons bear a trace of Renaissance influence, which, according to the nun, detract from the severity and "pure virility" so necessary for an icon's immediate effect.

The Carmelite sister prefers the subdued tones of the Byzantine style to the "clashing pinks and blues" of the Russians. This taste is apparent in the dark blues, maroons and gold leaf prevalent in Sister Mary's works.

The Benedictine Sisters, nearby on the Mount of Olives, also support an icon workshop, involving seven sisters led by Egyptian-born Sister Mary Paul. These icons, with a predominance of red hues, are notable for two different shades of gold leaf used. Like Mary Francoise, the Benedictine nuns follow the early Byzantine style but with a lighter touch. The faces are less severe and the eyebrows not as dark.

Though most people think of Byzantine icons as gloomy, recondite objects, this is an effect caused by dust collected on the picture vernish and the smoke of the adjacent candle, used in the veneration ritual, which darkens the icon. Thus the new ones, including those that copy exactly the old style, look grimness and often appear even cheerful.

A COLLECTION of icons done between the 16th and 19th Centuries clutters the walls of the St. Thekla Chapel in the Greek Orthodox Patriarchate. These icons were scattered throughout the Holy Land but brought together 40 years ago in this small chapel, now used for monks' funerals. Noteworthy is a 16th Century portrait of St. Luke and St. Peter in blackened red and an orange-tinted gold leaf.

A few metres away, on the Patriarchate roof, is the Church of St. Constantine, serving as the Orthodox monks' principal chapel, where they pray daily between 5 and 7.30 a.m. There are two 10th Century works here: the oldest icons in the Holy Land outside Mount Sinai. One is a partly Byzantine-style but with softer noses, more detailed, realistic faces and a naturalistic background.

(Continued overleaf)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1977

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE THIRTEEN

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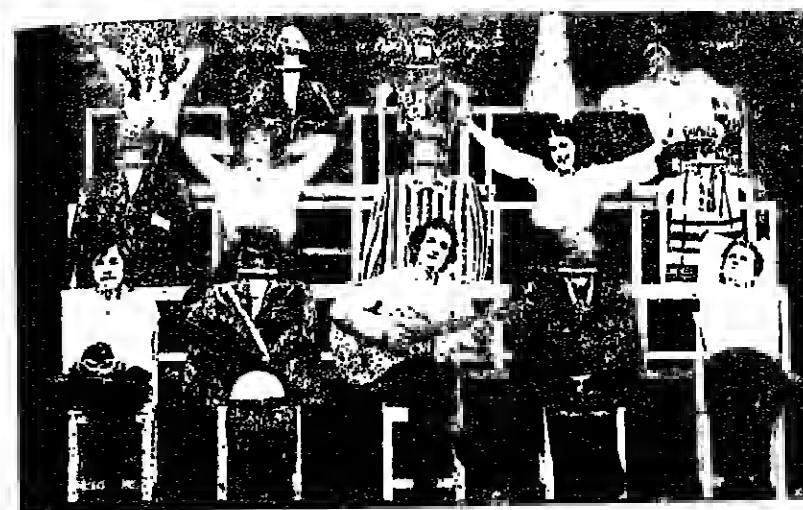
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HITAHDUT ANAF HAKOLNO'A BE'YISRAEL

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1977

Khan descending



Cherly-Kacherly cost pose with other dummy "characters" in the show.

THEATRE/Mendel Kohansky

FOR THOSE belonging to the wrong generation, *Oherly-Kacherly* is the refrain of a song sung by scouts and other youngsters. It is also the title of a play by Danny Horowitz; I believe he belongs to the right generation. The words are supposed to symbolize the sabra, the generation born on the soil of Israel.

The play is the latest offering of the Jerusalem Khan, and it coincides with the company's fifth anniversary. Which is quite fitting, because *Oherly-Kacherly* is the kind of presentation we have come to expect of the Jerusalem Khan, a company constantly in search of something new, occasionally finding gold, more often coming up with dross.

Oherly-Kacherly, I am afraid, contains more dross than gold. The author bit off more than he could chew, and what he bit off is no more and no less than a comprehensive portrait of the sabra against the background of his origin — the recent history of the Jewish people.

The framework chosen for this presentation is a sort of cantata. There are no scenes, no dialogue, certainly no plot; the participants speak their pieces one by one. They sit arranged in three rows, immobile except when they occasionally stand up or strike a pose in stressing a point. Interspersed among the performers are life-sized dolls — an SS officer, an Arab terrorist, a concentration camp inmate, an Israeli soldier, a *halutz*, a little ghetto boy — the silent heroes of the play.

WITHIN THIS visual context, the spoken pieces attempt a many-sided portrait of the sabra — as an arrogant young man who rejects everything his parents stand for, an intrepid pioneer and soldier who loves his land above all, a descendant of victims of the Nazis who cannot free himself from the fears inspired by the recent past, and a materialistic counterpart to his idealistic parents.

There is much good intention and much pretence in the play. The author tries, but never succeeds, to strike the essence of the subject; most of what his characters have to say has been said before, and is of little interest.

Included in the cast are Hanie Haran, Avie Penini, Meir Fenigstein, Aaron Almog, Israel Gurion, Aliza Rosen, Shlomo Tarshish. The show was directed by the author, and Han Ronnen. Frieda Goldberger built the set, which was lit by Benzion Munitz. The music is by Hanna Hachohen and Yossi Mar-Haim.

IN THE SAME week, the Jerusalem Khan came up with something much brighter: *In the Bloom of her Days* (Bi-Domi Yameha) a stage adaptation of the well-known Agnon story, directed by Mihal Govrin, performed by Rahel Levy. It was the first time that I have ever seen a work by S.Y. Agnon satisfactorily transferred to the stage, though various theatres have made ambitious and vastly complicated attempts.

This production is different because nothing was done to the story — not a word was changed in the text, nothing was added except a rudimentary set and some sparingly used music, a cello passage signifying a break in time. The story is told simply, the way it was written.

In *the Bloom of her Days* is the story of a young woman, told in her own words. Tirza's mother died very young, in her 30s, and the teenage girl lives with her father in a small town in Galicia. Little by little she learns a family secret: her mother had been in love with another man throughout her marriage, and the man remained faithful to her. The girl and the older man become friends, the friendship becomes romance. In *the Bloom of her Days* is the story of the two intertwined romances, the mother's and the daughter's, up to the point where the girl is about to bear the man's child.

Like all works of Agnon, this one is all surface simplicity, covering a multitude of layers of subtle meaning. Illuminating details are strewn throughout the text with the hand of a master, offering tantalizing glimpses into the lives of the characters — the heroine, the mother, the man she loves, the widowed father.

The staging, if this is the word here, is in character with the text. The set, by Frieda Goldberger, consists of a small table and chair flanked by an oblong standing mirror, and another small table holding a memorial candle — a symbolic presence of the dead mother. Rahel Levy speaks Agnon's archaic Hebrew naturally, as if it were her own language; her gesturing and movements are reduced to a minimum. There is a slight wonder in her voice, as if she didn't entirely believe that all this had happened to her. It is a sensitive and honest and highly polished performance, an extremely difficult task beautifully carried out. □

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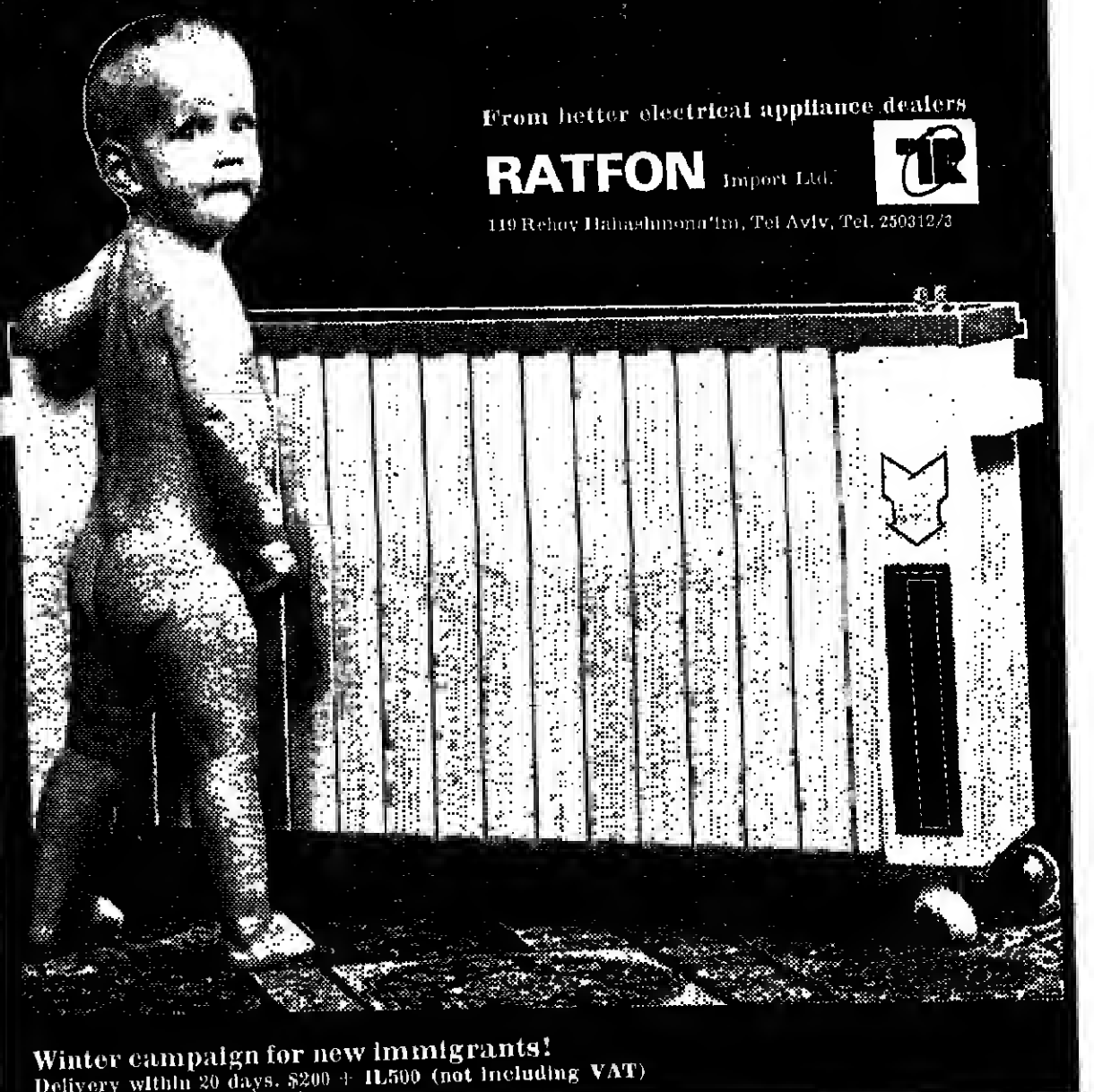
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1977

هكذا من الأصل

Beauty-care solutions for the over-50 woman

SHOP TALK

Catherine Rosenheimer

A NEW LINE of products for the woman over 50 has just been launched by cosmetic giant Helena Rubinstein. To launch "Madame Rubinstein," the New York vice president in charge of public relations, Shirley Lord, was here recently for a Beauty Morning.

Shirley Lord, whose journalistic experience in England and the U.S. includes *Harper's* and *Vogue*, describes "Madame Rubinstein" as a range of products for "the

older woman who knows she can't renew her youth," who "accepts her age, and wants to grow old gracefully and beautifully with the aid of solutions to her specific beauty problems."

After the age of 50, she explains, there is a drastic reduction in the skin's natural sebum secretion — its natural lubricant, moisture balancer and flexibility preserver. When secretion of sebum slows down, the skin no longer retains moisture, loses its elasticity and looks lined. Helena Rubinstein claims to have come up with a "revolutionary formula" that closely imitates natural sebum. (The "Madame

Rubinstein" range includes a Gentle Lotion Cleanser, a new system for cleansing aging skin with a special smoothing sponge for removing dead cells. There is a Night Care Cream which claims to put back into the skin the natural milk it has lost, and which eliminates the need for facial massage, which can be harmful to delicate skin with a tendency to wrinkle.

The Day Care Moisturiser is a formula which completes the replacement of lost skin milk and includes a sun-screen filter that protects the skin, prevents drying, wrinkling and uneven colour.

What more could you ask for? Not being either a professional cosmetician or a qualified chemist, I am always somewhat sceptical about the claims of each successive cosmetics concern each time they launch a new range. Who am I, after all, to give



a conclusive verdict as to the pros and cons of commercial cosmetic products or those which claim to be "nature's own."

Shirley Lord, however, has come to my aid here, in one of the chapters of her beauty book, *The Easy Way to Good Looks*. She is nothing if not objective, giving generous mention to Helena Rubinstein's number one rival, Revlon, and to Elizabeth Arden, whose consultants and products she quotes along with all manner of fashionable society beauties and their favourite cosmeticians and hairdressers, as well as the pros and cons of face/bosom/thighs lifting and nose/stomach/chin "jobs."

She also has a section on natural products, in which she gives the following piece of advice: "The natural route can be fine — but it doesn't mean you should turn your back on the cosmetics that know how to utilize nature's goodies, using them in conjunction with tried-and-true cosmetic ingredients." □

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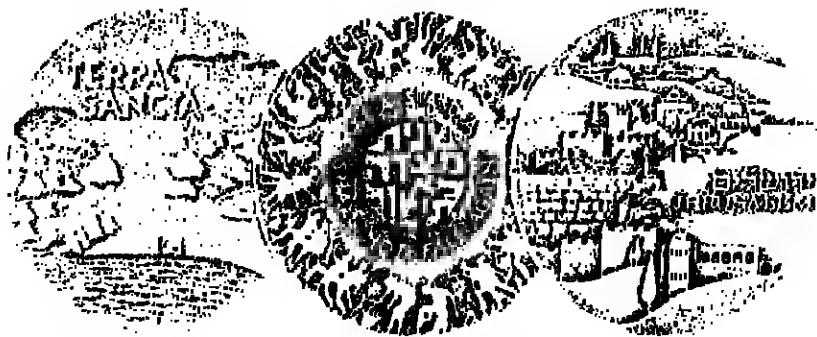
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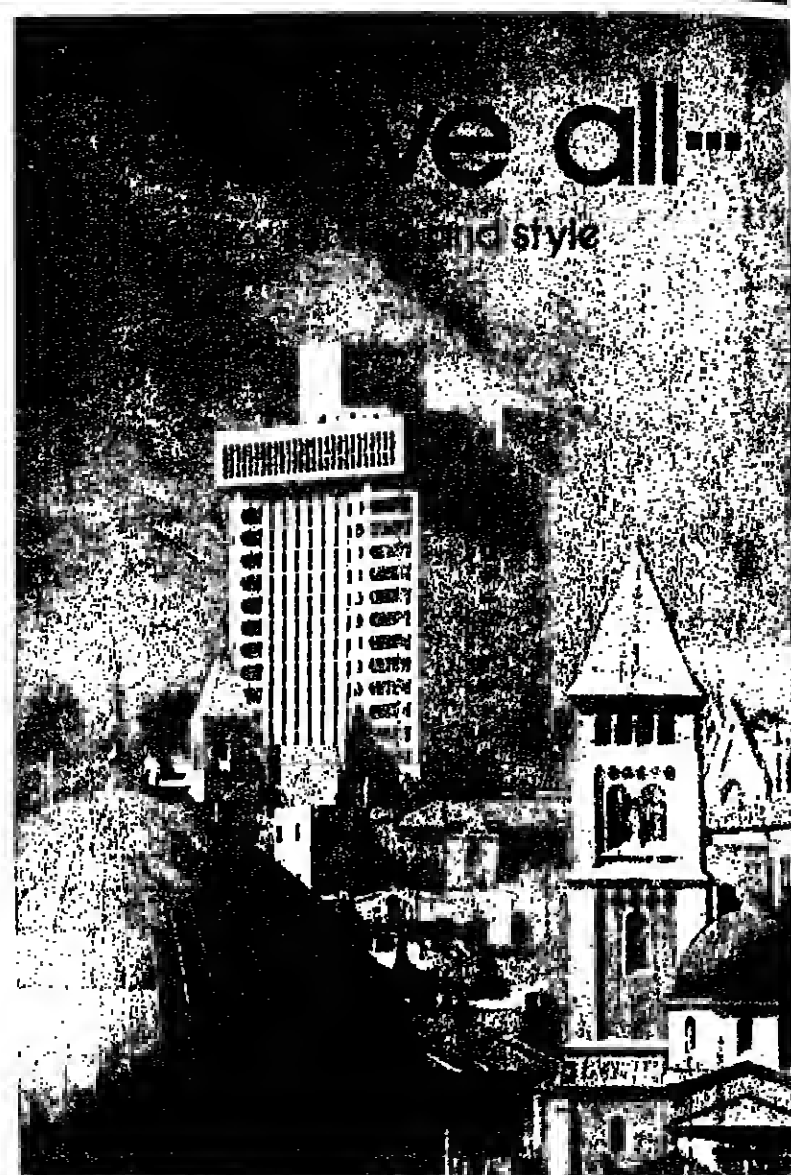
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A GHOST IN GALILEE



Venturing out to investigate a story of the supernatural in a Lower Galilee forest, JUDAH RAVIV gets a spooky feeling.



Photographer's camera stopped functioning just as he took this photo of Crusader tomb. (Ronald Bedford)

THOUGH NOT everybody believes in ghosts, almost everybody likes a good ghost story — especially if it is authentic.

British ghosts have always been in vogue, rattling their chains down the Thames to the Tower of London. And occasionally one hears of an American ghost. But never, never an Israeli ghost — at least not until now.

The story, a product of Israel's emerging folklore from the byways and backwoods of the northern part of the country, is based on a true experience, and establishes something of a precedent here.

Those who lived the story are still alive; and should you track them down, as did I, to hear the tale at first hand, you find them the most amiable of hosts.

It all began in a lonely and secluded corner of one of the extensive forests on the hills of Lower Galilee, near Turan. It is a forest steeped in history, oozing its shadows on the ruins and rock-outcrops of the past.

Buried beneath the branches of ancient oaks and gnarled olive trees are the bones of Crusaders who fought and fell in the battle of the Horn of Hittin, and the bones of other people who once lived here.

All is quiet now, and the remains of those long departed lie peacefully beneath the cloak of

the woods — all save one, that is.

THE THING, whatever it was, or is, was first noticed in 1961. As Chief Forestry Inspector for Lower Galilee, Zvi Gruenthal, and his aide, Inspector Yona Bebe, told me, it was seen by David Dahhan, a simple but devout man who worked at the time as a hired labourer in the forest.

Dahhan, a Moroccan immigrant and a sober person who lives in Tiberias, was about 50 years old when the incident occurred. He was alone in one of the more inaccessible areas of the forest.

"We left him working," Gruenthal recalled, "in a secluded corner of the woods where a black and hulking tomb of stone stands beneath the tangled branches of the trees on a hillside."

"When he didn't come in at the end of the day, we took a number of the men to look for him. We found him unconscious near the tomb. One of the men poured water on him and brought him to his senses and could talk, he said that he had been working with his hoe, digging near the grave, when he suddenly saw a hideous man, wrapped in a rotten shroud, emerge from the solid face of the grave's lichen-covered stone."

"All that Dahhan could remember was that the evil presence shrieked at him to get

out and then struck him over the head with something it carried in its hand."

THAT is the story we were told. But who knows — perhaps the man only imagined it.

For some strange reason, however, birds seem to avoid this forest. The fact was brought to our attention by a number of foresters who had known Dahhan.

Having spent much time in the woods and western ranges of North America, and being no stranger to the young forests of Israel, I found this somewhat difficult to believe until I visited the particular forest and found that it was largely true.

The general absence of birds, the utter stillness and the heavy silence — almost sadness — of parts of these woods, seem to be conducive to the mood which formed the background to the story.

Recently, accompanied by a photographer, Gruenthal led us over backwoods roads to the site of the incident. The photographer managed to take a picture of the tomb and then his camera — as if jinxed — ceased to function.

A coincidence? With a morbid feeling permeating from the vale, and a chill mist forming on its mossy floor, we left the place at twilight, happy to get away.

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THE JERUSALEM POST
AT ALL HOTELS

Christmas Events at the Lutheran Redeemer Church

Dec. 24, 8:00 p.m. Service (English-German) Christmas Church, Bethlehem.
11:00 p.m. Christmas music and celebration of the birth of our Lord — Redeemer Church.
Dec. 25, 10:30 a.m. Christmas Service, Redeemer Church.
Dec. 31, New Year's Eve Service, 8:00 p.m., Redeemer Church.
Regular Sunday Services (next Jan. 1):
10:15 a.m. German, Church of the Redeemer.
9:00 a.m. English, Our Lord's Chapel, near Redeemer Church.

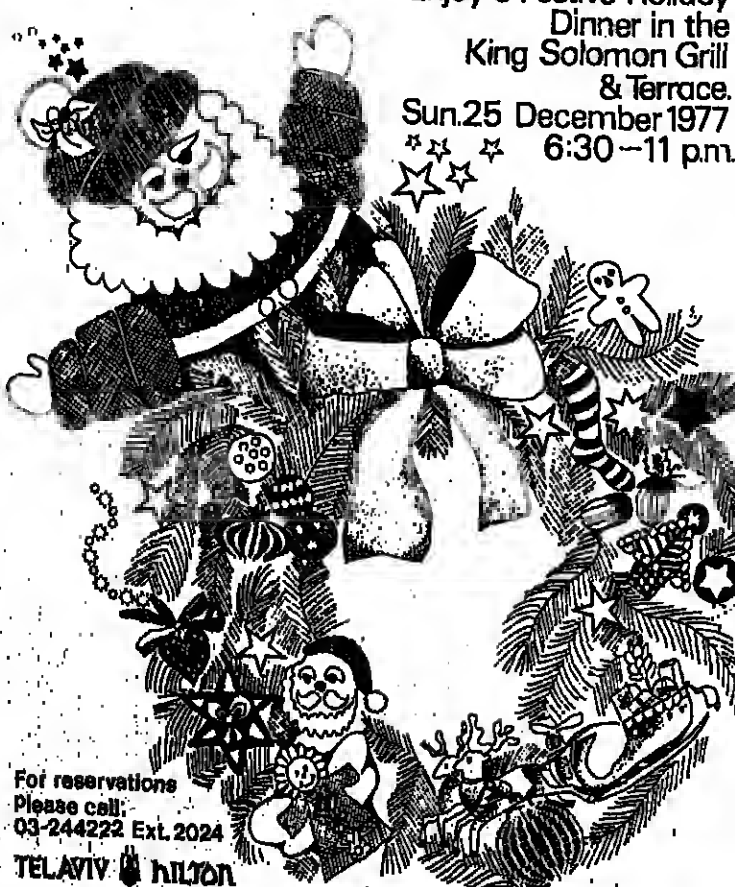
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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1977

كذلك من الأصل

Saint Adolf

HITLER'S WAR by David Irving.
London, Hodder & Stoughton.
928pp. + XXXIII, £9.95.

Martin van Creveld



most historians have merely been simplifying each other's legends. His own sources consist less of the usual diplomatic and military records than of countless private diaries, letters and notes drawn up by Hitler's closest associates, the humble adjutants and secretaries who spent the best part of six years in his immediate presence.

Concerning the man's private life this evidence does in fact present us with an interesting, if one-sided and not altogether new, picture of a leader who was patient, kind to his subordinates and extraordinarily considerate of their welfare — qualities without which, it should be noted, he could scarcely have kept their devotion to the end.

Regarding the relevance of this kind of evidence to wider issues, however, Irving ignores his own warning that it was difficult even for Hitler's closest associates to penetrate into his soul and read his mind. If ever a man knew how to keep a secret it was Hitler; and this matter has a direct bearing on the question of the final solution. Thus, Irving may be right in saying that Hitler, when he told the Hungarian Minister President that "there was no need" to murder the Jews, was speaking in ignorance of what was actually going on. It is at least equally probable, however, that he was merely trying to reassure a Horthy to whom any such idea was anathema.

Similarly, the fact that the physical extermination of the Jews was never brought up among his private staff may merely show that he kept this particular secret as well as he did many others, for example the destination of his command train on the eve of the great offensive against France.

Much of Irving's remaining evidence on this point is equally unconvincing. He quotes a handwritten note by SS boss

Himmler regarding a telephone conversation he had had with the Fuehrer; here it says explicitly "nicht liquidieren." Irving sees this as proof of his thesis, but completely ignores the remaining interpretations, namely that the order in question referred only to the Jews of Berlin (with whom it was directly concerned) or that it was temporary. One could go even further and extend the argument on its head: the very fact that Hitler thought it necessary to issue an explicit order concerning these particular Jews may indicate that he knew full well what fate was in store for the rest.

SUCH ARGUMENTS, and there are many of them in Irving's book, are circular and do not really prove anything. Regarding Hitler's speeches it is conceivable, though impossible to prove, that on those few occasions when he mentioned the "destruction" of the Jews in public he was not referring to physical annihilation, but was being carried away by his own oratory.

This does not absolve Hitler of historical responsibility. He did, after all, base his entire programme on anti-Semitism. He did enact anti-Jewish measures of the most barbaric nature. He did order the deportations which, according to Irving, virtually compelled the SS to carry out the "final solution" since they were at their wits' end as to how to deal with so many Jews. He was not by any means overzealous to numbers of Jews being killed if they stood in Germany's way, nor to the fact that the work on which they were to be engaged in the east was of such a nature that most of them would die anyway.

It is against these horrifying facts that Irving's "discovery" stands out in its true form: not as a complete reversal of all previously accepted opinions but as a misleading link in a chain which, by the very nature of its fundamental wickedness, led inevitably to disaster.

It is, however, possible to consider the question from another viewpoint as well. If Hitler did not explicitly order the massacre and was held in ignorance by his SS, then who was responsible? The answer, far from exonerating the German people, implicates them still more.

It follows from Irving's thesis that men such as Himmler, Heydrich and Eichmann did not obey orders from high up but acted on their own initiative and, afraid lest Hitler might discover this, took good care to cover their tracks. With them stand implicated the entire SS leadership and part at least of the Army leadership, who knew perfectly well what was going on but preferred to look the other way.

The Holocaust, in other words, can no longer be regarded as the brainchild of a single, crazy dictator; instead, it was the product of perhaps a hundred otherwise completely "normal" Germans. This conclusion gains weight from the fact that, as Irving points out, Hitler's anti-Semitic measures enjoyed widespread popular support in Germany — which does not of course mean that all, or even most, Germans knew for certain what those measures really meant.

THIS BRINGS us to the much discussed question: how much did they know? Was it possible to conceal the deportation and extermination of six million people? In my opinion — and, though I did not examine the matter in detail, I do regard myself as an expert on German logistics in World War II

— the answer to the latter question may conceivably be positive. Since 40,000,000 people were killed in Hitler's war it is not wholly impossible that 6,000,000 Jews were "lost" among the rest, the more so since only a small fraction of them were stateless.

Since the number of trains that ran for the German Wehrmacht each day ran into many hundreds it is not entirely out of the question that the deportation of the Jews remained hidden from the majority of the German people, especially since a great many of the victims were killed on the spot and did not require any transportation.

It has been calculated that the total number of German men who ever worked in the concentration camps did not exceed 20,000 — the equivalent of one division out of more than 200 which Germany possessed. This means that there must have been many rumours, as indeed there were. Even granting Irving's thesis, it is strange that these rumours never reached Hitler and that he did not bother to find out about them. Stronger but not entirely inconceivable in view of the way in which this man gathered his information.

In passing judgment on Irving's book, it is necessary also to consider the many other points he raises; above all, his discussion of Hitler's ability as a military commander. Ever since the war our view of this question has been befuddled by the memoirs of countless German generals who, bent on justifying themselves, have tried to present Hitler as a military ignoramus who perished in giving the most crazy orders.

By drawing on the records of many of Hitler's military conferences Irving shows how many of these claims are totally unfounded. This does not mean that Hitler was a military superman, nor does Irving hide his weaknesses, such as a tendency to lose his nerve at critical moments; by presenting the Fuehrer's side of the picture, however, he goes far to correct previous distorted accounts.

Irving's decision to concentrate, as far as possible, on Hitler's view of things is, at one and the same time, the book's great strength and fundamental weakness. On the positive side it makes a compellingly interesting work, clear and consistently written from the point of view of a man who, if nothing else, thought he knew perfectly well where he stood in the world. For that very reason, however, the book lacks objectivity; by concentrating exclusively on Hitler it renders itself incapable of doing justice to anybody else. In the final account it cannot therefore make a claim to historical objectivity.

With that we come to our final problem — is there any justification for a book that so blatantly distorts objective reality?

On general democratic grounds, as well as the fact that countless other writers have presented no less distorted versions of their own, I tend to answer this question in the affirmative.

As a historian working in a democratic country, I think that any attempt to prevent a person from stating his truth is a crime. Whether society should pay for every historian's idiosyncrasies is another matter, but here at least it should be said that Irving, unlike most scholars, paid for every penny of his research himself. By publishing his book, he may not have made a very great positive contribution to historical knowledge; but by a priori ignoring it, we ourselves will only make a negative one. □

View from America

WITH EYES TOWARD ZION: Scholars Colloquium on America, Holy Land Studies edited by Moshe Davis. New York, Arno Press. 252pp. \$18.00.

Carl Hermann Voss

IN AUTUMN 1975 I attended the well-planned, informative conference at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., at which the papers collected in this volume were read. I feared at the time that the texts and discussions would not reach a wider audience. My fears have now been proved unnecessary.

Dr. Moshe Davis has placed the papers in sharp focus and helped to bring the Washington meetings to life again.

Head of the Institute of Contemporary Jewry at the Hebrew University, and Stephen S. Wise professor in American Jewish History and Institutions, Dr. Davis sounds the keynote for his 11 collaborators by stating in the first chapter that "the America-Holy Land theme...the broad concept of Holy Land, or Zion, or Eretz Yisrael...has been a pervasive theme in American thought and action since the very beginnings of European settlement on the Western continent. This conception has appeared in many variations: from the earliest formulations in colonial times of the Puritan aspirations to a biblical commonwealth, where America itself was considered to be the embodiment of Zion; pilgrimages by Americans to the Holy Land; and in our time, Restoration under Jewish sovereignty in which the United States played a strategic role."

Elaborating on Davis's theme, Robert T. Handy (of New York's Union Theological Seminary) presents "Sources for Understanding American Christian attitudes towards the Holy Land, 1800-1950." Moshe Meoz (of the Hebrew University's Truman Research Centre) deals with "America and the Holy Land during the Ottoman Period." W.D. Blanks (of DePaul University) contributes a "preliminary study" on "Herbert Hoover and the Holy Land."

The list is a stellar one and the book is uniformly good. In only two instances can the reader complain: first, Lawrence N. Jones's chapter on "Afro-Americans and the Holy Land" errs on the side of brevity and could have been extended to include the Blacks' love of biblical names and their spontaneous creation of an extensive hymnology, the "Negro spirituals," to express their centuries-long search for freedom and equality, a cultural and religious phenomenon barely alluded to in the footnotes.

Secondly, Professor Goell and Ms. Katz-Hyman could have given light and lustre to their telephone book-like listing of 113 titles in "Americans in the Holy Land: 1850-1900: A Select Bibliography," by adding brief sentences to give us some idea of the content and quality of the titles.

With Eyes Toward Zion is one of the books included in the Arno Press project, "America and the Holy Land." Together with 71 remarkable reprints in the same series it will be on display at the National and Hebrew University Library from December 27. □

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE NINETEEN

Low tar content

BUM BUM AND CONCERTINA by George Melly. London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 183 pp. £4.95.

Wim van Leer

THIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY by the maverick George Melly — writer, anarchist, jazz historian, promiscuous bisexual acrobat, professional boozier, and an honest recorder of all that — covers his three-year stint in H.M. Royal Navy.

As the Navy has it, "Ashore it's wine, women and song; aboard it's rum, bum and concertina." Those who have read *Owing Up*, his adventures in the jazz trade, will remember Melly for telling it as it is, warts and all, and know what to expect.

Time was when homosexuality was considered a "perversion," a wilful distortion of natural inclinations and thus a threat to society. Only its more sordid fringes were visible to the general public ("Vicar caught in Green Park with Guardsman" or "Famous early importuning in Piccadilly Station"). Of course, there was the odd novel, like *The Well of Loneliness* on lesbianism,

or Oscar Wilde's queasy "De Profundis." That was the time of the closet queers and those who ventured outside had to accept their punishment. Nowadays, in the not nud fashion world we now have closet heterosexuals, I am told.

I once read that homosexuality was very much a question of class (Melly himself went to a public school), and because they most probably were, it was considered injudicious to refer to the upper strata as "buggers." The lower orders were O.K., and Silly Buggers, Nice Old Buggers and Funny Buggers were friendly terms of endearment. Conversely, one could not refer to the lower classes as "beastards" since they most probably were, and here the uppers 1 "Hello, John, you old bastard!" were O.K. Now I know better.

The lower decks apparently were simply swarming with them, and Melly, although projecting the female of the species, was very much on the butch side, to the bewilderment of all concerned. Being in the Navy for him must have been like a hetero in the role of O.C. Harems. The problem was which proposition to accept. (Elderly stoker: "I'd



Portrait of George Melly by David Hockney.

soon have a naughty boy than a quarter-deck and, when not horsing in the hammock or in the paint store, they discuss Ploaso, le man of discriminating tastes, who picks his lovers from the

The meat on the lower deck, although sometimes pretty, is unpredictable, coarse and often vicious; authority does not mind. It's the way of the sea since Drake and Froisher, and who are they to monkey with tradition. A sailor's pay being what it is, and records of Johann Sebastian costing what they do, you have to find a rich, rouged queen ("A rose-red panay, half as old as lime"), who likes bell-bottoms and if not overly generous, there are bound to be items in the apartment that can be "liberated." Serves him right for engaging in "rough trade."

Somewhat all this dreariness lives cheek by jowl with a deep interest in the arts (there is a hilarious description of Melly crashing the London surrealist scene) and an anarchism of the Kropotkin variety. If his world is formless, his powers of description are mordantly accurate: "Then was drank schnapps...explosion like a warm but lethal jelly-fish at the back of the nose." He also has a keen eye for the absurdities of the British class structure of which the iron-clad world of H.M.S. Dido is an amplified microcosm. And even his own snobberies and affectations are described without mercy.

The art of George Melly is letting it hang out in so many ways. As they say on the lower deck, "An effing good read." □

In the Forties

ISHERWOOD: A Biography of Christopher Isherwood by Jonathan Fryer. London, New English Library, 390 pp. £7.50.

UNDER SIEGE: Literary Life in London 1889-45 by Robert Hewison. London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 220 pp. £6.

Nissim Rejwan

THE AUTHORS of these two books are both "outsiders" — in the sense that neither witnessed or experienced any of the events covered in his book. This seems somewhat strange to those of us who had read some of the works mentioned when they were first published and shared the preoccupations of many of the writers and poets referred to. To us, the period in question appears so recent that it is difficult to imagine how anyone who was not oven

born then can be old enough now to write a book about it. And yet, come to think of it, Mr. Hewison was born as "early" as 1943, while Mr. Fryer states that he left school as far back as 1939!

Mr. Fryer's interest in Isherwood came through rather unexpected channels. Having gone to Vietnam in 1969 and there become "fascinated by the Orient," he came across a travel book on China — *Journey to a War* — written jointly by Isherwood and his friend W. H. Auden. This was his introduction to the work of "a man who was soon to become one of my favourite novelists." A short correspondence ensued, helped by the two men's common interest in Oriental philosophy and Quakers and by their similar backgrounds in the outlying areas of Manchester.

Starting from such modest beginnings, Mr. Fryer's biography is a straightforward and unpretentious account of

Isherwood's life and work — and the fact that Isherwood himself has recently published an autobiography of sorts (*Christopher and His Kind*) does not in any way detract from its value. A freelance writer and journalist, the author has done a good deal of first-hand investigation, interviewed a number of Isherwood's friends and associates, ploughed through a mass of papers and correspondence, and has had considerable assistance and cooperation from his subject.

The book is conventionally divided into three parts dealing with the three stages of Isherwood's life — "England," "Europe and Beyond," and "America." Some of the things one reads here come as a surprise. We are told, for instance, that "now that the civil rights struggle in America is well on the way to success and the Vietnam war is over," Isherwood devoted much of his time and "political energy" to activities which can be placed under the umbrella of Gay Liberation, "though he does not like the term."

Although Isherwood and Auden emigrated to the United States early in 1939, they both inevitably feature with prominence in *Under Siege*. In fact, the book virtually opens with some remarks about what the author calls "the Auden/Isherwood case" and the discussion it gave rise to. Cyril Connolly called it "the most important literary event since the outbreak of the Spanish War" — a mass of these two writers' best friends felt that an act of desertion was being committed, Auden was no doubt right when he told Louis MacNeice that it was not his job to be "a crusader," that in his opinion most writers falsified their work and themselves when they took a direct part in politics, and that "the political and itself, however good, could not be much assisted by art or artists so falsified."

The subtitle of the book is a little misleading, since it actually deals generally with Britain's whole cultural scene during the years of the war rather than with literary life in wartime London. On the

whole the author manages to recreate the atmosphere of those hectic years and the uneasy transformation of most of the protagonists from members of a disillusioned and defeated generation of political and ideological activists into a new group of eager creative writers and artists who had a common intellectual identity and a job to do as writers and artists. Here we have accounts of the efforts and the agonies which resulted in such wartime phenomena as John Lehmann's "New Writing," Connolly's "Horizon," Tahirih's "Poetry (London)" and Henry Moore's memorable paintings and sculpture.

The author draws on a rich store of written sources, and has had the opportunity of talking to many of the leading protagonists. For those who remember those days and who followed with interest and enjoyment the writing of that period, *Under Siege* is something of a journey into nostalgia; for those who, like the author himself, are "outsiders," the book will give a good glimpse of what it all was — and read — like.

Educated insults

THE FRANK MUIR BOOK: An Irreverent and Thoroughly Incomplete Social History of Almost Everything by Frank Muir. London, Heinemann, 372pp. £4.50.

Mendel Kohansky

FRANK MUIR, Britain's celebrated TV wit, has compiled a book which fills a need felt since printing was invented. *An Irreverent and Thoroughly Incomplete Social History of Almost Everything* is a collection of sayings and writings by the great and marvellous wit, which slaughter every sacred cow ever to have grazed in the fields of social convention, and all of it done with grace and elegance. If I

have any complaint about this delightful book, it is its "thorough incompleteness." Dealing with a variety of subjects under separate headings — such as Music, Education, Literature, Theatre, Art, Food and Drink — it omits such essential matters as Sex and Politics, to mention only two.

The book is best read at random; every page is studded with nuggets. Having been thoroughly unhappy as a schoolboy, I was pleased to read the actor Robert Morley saying, "Show me the man who enjoyed his schooldays, and I will show you a bully and a bore." And having sworn off symphonies because I grew tired of hearing the same works played over and over again, I could sympathize with Arthur Honegger, the modern composer, who complained

ed that "the main thing the public demands of a composer is that he be dead." And whether we agree or disagree with Leo Tolstoy, we must admire the succinctness of his conclusion that "ballet is simply a lewd performance," or the openness with which Louis XVI stated that "I see no point in reading."

Wit, Aristotle said, is educated insult. Frank Muir's book is a celebration of that form of art which seems to have flourished in all civilizations, but especially in France and in England. Nothing is sacred to it, even food and drink. Alfred Daudet, the famous French master of invective, confided to the diarist Edmond de Goncourt, that the grossest he ate at Emile Zola's housewarming lasted like "an old courtesan's flesh, marinated in a bidet." Samuel Johnson, whose style was much less pungent, remarked to Boswell: after a dinner party that

it was "a good dinner enough to be sure; but it was not a dinner to ask a man to."

THE THEATRE, especially the actors in it, loom large in the history of educated insult. W.S. Gilbert thought Beerbohm Tree's *Hamlet* was "funny without being vulgar." And when the same actor staged *Olympia*, he alerted his review with the following: "Olympia is for the most part stagey trash of the lowest melodramatic order, in parts abominably written, throughout intellectually vulgar, and judged in point of thought by modern intellectual standards vulgar, foolish, offensive, indecent and exasperating beyond all tolerance." About 20 years later, the critic, by then a playwright, opened in London with Mrs. Warren's Profession, the poet Alfred Noyes wrote this

about him: "Intellectually he is beneath contempt...Bernard Shaw's papers are vulgar, fatuous and extremely wearisome."

Actors have fared even worse than playwrights. The novelist Henry James found acting to be "a most unholy trade," and Fanny Kemble, one of the ornaments of the Victorian stage, summed it all up in one elegant phrase: "Surely, after all, acting is nonsense."

As for professional theatre critics, none is as proficient in the art as the American practitioners of the profession. Everybody has heard Dorothy Parker's classic about Katherine Hepburn "running the whole gamut of emotions from A to B." And to show that the art still flourishes, there is Clive Barnes of *The New York Times*, recently deciding that *Oh Calcutta!* is "the sort of show that gives pornography a bad name." □

Such a nice man

DANIEL MARTIN by John Fowles. London, Jonathan Cape. 704 pp. £4.95.

THE MAGUS: A Revised Version by John Fowles. London, Jonathan Cape. 656 pp. £4.95.

Matthew Nesvicky

DANIEL MARTIN must be the unlikeliest serious novel to become an international best-seller since the success of *Herzog* took Saul Bellow and the rest of the world by surprise in 1964. Like Moses Herzog, Daniel Martin is a fortyish intellectual with a history of marital failure. Unlike that volatile American Jew ricocheting between the heights and depths of comedy and tragedy, Daniel Martin is a mild and meditative English WASP. His story is thoroughly devoid of drama and virtually lacks conflict; no one in this novel even argues, much less fights.

All of which would seem to engender against wide appeal. Readers of *The Collector*, *The Magus*, and *The French Lieutenant's Woman* have come to expect the extravagant foudre from John Fowles. Yet they've taken to this slow, dense, over-long novel with a passion that outstrips anything depicted in the story.

Daniel Martin may be so appealing because the protagonist is such a nice man. He insists that he's a hedonist, that he's cadidly used people, that he's sold out his talent as a dramatist for the easy money of the movies. Yet we're quick to excuse all that when we think of all the things Daniel does so consistently and so well: thinking, analyzing, feeling, caring about other people. He doesn't agonize or weep, and he is never coldly clinical; he is steady, keeps things in proportion and is mildly amused that his life is so untroubled.

In fact, whether he admits it or not, Daniel is to a great extent a *mensch*, and since we've already had the hero, the anti-hero, the villain and the *shlemiel*, a major *mensch* is something of a novelty at the centre of a novel. Indeed, Fowles calls his story a defence of humanism, as unfashionable a view of life as this novel seemed destined to be. But the story has struck a chord, and that chord seems to ring true.

Daniel is a vicar's son who grows up motherless in the Devon countryside; he passes through Oxford with slight distinction, has

some success as a playwright, some more as a Hollywood hack. Suddenly in middle life he is called back to Oxford to say goodbye to a dying friend; there he starts to re-examine the pieces of his lost friendships, his lost marriage and family, his lost native soil. Slowly, almost reluctantly, he begins to lay with certain ideas: could it all be done better, on a higher plane? Mildly, he begins to wonder: return home, write a serious book, love well, come out of the closet and openly be a *mensch*.

THE GLORIES of this quiet story — and they are many — are similar to those found in the 19th-century English novels for which Fowles has so much affection: discreet intelligence, refined perception of both drawing room and woodlands, the many musings of English conversation. And strewn along the way are carefully crafted disquisitions on philosophy, art, society, politics, England and Englishness. There is also much about the novel as form and substance, and Fowles plays, as he has done before, with the semi-serious idea of letting his characters develop their own choices (remember the "alter-nate endings" in *The Magus* and *The French Lieutenant's Woman*?).

Finally, all of Daniel Martin's separate virtues come together in the last 200 pages, when the central characters take off for Egypt, all places. Martin is there ostensibly to search out locations for a movie he is writing about Kitchener. Jane — "his opposite pole in humanity" — has come along ostensibly to shake off the doldrums of her new widowhood. Like the most engaging and thoughtful of 19th-century English travellers to the Middle East, Daniel draws on all his knowledge of nature, history and humanity to discover — as sensitive people in new environments always do — not his new surroundings, but what he himself is all about.

And so for all its ponderous self-indulgence, this is a truly rich novel that deserves more than one reading.

"THE MAGUS" was a labour of love, and Fowles apparently loves labouring on it, even after 20 years and more. Begun in 1950, it was his first novel, although not his first to see print, and when it finally did appear its reception was mixed. The book was hardly a commercial failure, for by the time *The Magus* arrived in 1965 Fowles was already the

celebrated author of *The Collector*, and the public was not about to ignore anything from a writer as elegant and intriguing as they come.

Nevertheless, many readers were put off by what they considered the inordinate length and obscurity of pattern and intent in *The Magus*. Now, somewhat in the tradition of that perpetual textual fiddler Henry James (*The Turn of the Screw* is an acknowledged influence here), Fowles tries to improve matters with a revised version.

The Magus is at once an elaborate puzzle, an exploration of myth, a detective story, a suspense novel, a love story and a gigantic leg-pull. The joy is in the journey; once the reader runs its course and its multiple mysteries are resolved, the game is up; the illusion pops like a soap bubble, and we feel slightly embarrassed for having allowed ourselves to be taken for so long and dizzy a ride.

Fowles mentions somewhere in the narrative that even the most sophisticated of readers continue to fall for the oldest of literary tricks. This is true, and when a master magician is doing his tricks, we enjoy being fooled. Also, this novel, which Fowles acknowledges as "a novel of adolescence written by a retarded adolescent," is full of exuberant pranks.

Our hero is goodlooking, athletic, bright and naive. He takes up a teaching post on a remote Greek island, where boredom soon leads him to the mysterious villa on the far side. There, a strange, wizardly millionaire invites him in and begins to prick at his mind. Strange things start to happen; impossible, terrifying things. Soon the hero no longer knows the real from the unreal. Romance, danger, torment and terror all come in their turn.

Something of the adolescent in us does take to tales set on mysterious islands, and *The Magus* has an added dimension of intellectual hocus-pocus dealing with the nature of love, the self in society, good and evil, illusion versus reality — all old chestnuts which suffer little from re-reading. And yet Fowles is never far from the proposition that literature is a pleasurable game.

However, I'm not sure that *The Magus* merits re-reading. Unless the puzzle pastiche of the plot has been forgotten, those who read the first version 12 years ago probably won't care to suffer all that leg-pulling again. But for those who haven't taken this trip yet, the 1977 version, with its heightened eroticism and sharpened ending, is a highly pleasurable read indeed. □

Gripping yarn

BLACK SUNDAY by Thomas Harrie. London, Coronet. 318 pp. 96 p.

MURDER WITHOUT IDING by Emma Lathen. London, Penguin. 201 pp. 75 p.

Philip Gillon

"BLACK SUNDAY" is described on its cover as "a novel of superlative suspense," the kind of conventional claim a reader tends to dismiss as a mere puff. But, in this particular case, the description is an understatement; I cannot remember when I last read so

gripping a gripper. Black September monsters, male and female, combine with a demented American to plan the complete destruction of the New Orleans Super Bowl with 84,000 spectators, including the President. Only a tough Israeli superhero can prevent the massacre. On the face of it, completely incredible — but Thomas Harrie's very good writing makes it all completely believable; one suspends disbelief for a while. The end is pretentious and irritating, but not sufficiently so to mar our retrospective enjoyment. *Black Sunday* is now a movie.

Emma Lathen's *Murder*

Without Iding is a slower, more mannish type of thriller, written with polish as well as poison. One feels that both Emma Lathen and her hanker John Putnam Thatcher would deplore a drop in the Dow Jones average more than a mere murder. It is when homicide threatens the Sloan Bank's investments that Thatcher brings some killer quickly to his just deserts, simultaneously stabilizing the market.

In this particular case the Sloan's public relations boys have got the bank embroiled in the destiny of a New York ice hockey team, so Thatcher has to master the intricacies of body checks, screen shots, ragging the puck and handling the stick to score a very neat goal as a detective. Emma Lathen is always recommended. □



Owing to the response to the Foundation's **AMERICA DESPERATELY NEEDS ISRAEL** advertisements, it has taken longer than expected to complete orders for our Programme for Survival and Sufficiency. We accordingly apologise to readers who have experienced delay in receiving their copies.

As the backlog has now been cleared, readers who have not already applied for the Programme are invited to use the coupon below; it costs IL 175 and includes a personal cassette.

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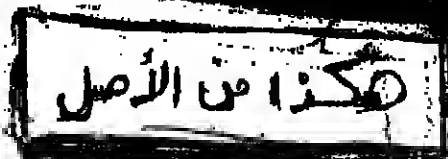
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Painting the inner man

Meir Ronnen

THE MANY faces of the self-portrait is the subject of the second current exhibition inaugurating the new Ruth Rodmen Friedman Youth Wing at the Israel Museum (the other show, devoted to the pedagogical methods of Bauhaus teacher and colour expert Johannes Itten, was reviewed on this page last week).

The show, which will be open through Passover, explains what some of the pupils at the Youth Wing have already explained to them: a self-portrait need not be a literal mirror-image, or even what the artist thinks he looks like; it can also reflect his inner world, or his environment, or present him in dialogue, or playing a role. If the works are by the pupils, and the rest, for the most part, by well-known Israeli artists, with a few figures from international art history thrown in.

Despite the fact that the pupils did their work before seeing the rest of the show, some of them have put together the *bric-a-brac* of their lives in much the same collage manner as have Turnerkin, Tolkovsky and Goon. Others have produced the conventional children's figure, but with its equally typical verve and without any attempt at self-glorification.

One can argue a point not touched on here, namely that any work of art is a self-portrait, even when it is meant to be a likeness of somebody else: the painter's reaction to the subject inevitably enters into the result. Abstractions can be as revealing as a Rorschach test. People who paint allegorical portraits almost inevitably paint themselves and Chagell (absent here) is the hero of all his work, just as our Schwabel casts himself in the role of the heroic artist and knight errant.

The main thing of course, is that the result is a valid work of art. The Schwabel on show here is a portrait both of himself and his immediate inner and outer environment; but it is primarily a quite marvellous picture with an extraordinary magical quality to it. James Ensor's portrait of his favourite room is a symphony of colour that sums up all his sensibility — though I doubt if it is as much a revelation of his character as are his domineering masked figures.

A self-portrait of Didi Ben Shaul, not very artfully hidden below a covering of his typical brush strokes, is slight by comparison. There is also the inevitable Picasso, with the master in his triple role of lover, voyeur and artist.

There is a lot to see, but the works seem dispersed around the huge walls. The new wing is still incomplete and lacks a lived-in feeling, a touch of warmth and intimacy that would be appreciated by adults as well as children.

LEA NIKEL was one of our outstanding pioneer abstract-expressionists and one of the few Israeli artists with an interest in happy colour for its own sake. Her current show, the first in many years, should have been an event, but, despite a display of incredibly fine handling, it is a deep disappointment.

All the works are on paper, some of them a collage of found pieces, but the main interest is in watercolour. Most of the show was painted between 1974 and 1977. The familiar splash and squiggles of the Nikel oils are absent and the new technical gestures are unhappily eclectic, with influences from early Motherwell to Ito Melrowitz and Aroch. Not even the delightful washes, clever collage and subtle colours can disguise the fact that the compositional ideas are either not fully worked out or say nothing new, and that most of the works do not even sit well in their frames. One feels like cropping the good bits to greater effect, while discarding other parts as mere verbiage. There is much nervousness, but all about nothing. There is something tragic in all this (Sara Glat, Fineart 4, J'loni). Till Jan. 17.

JOAN MIRO, the great Catalan surrealist-symbolist, still going strong at 84, is represented in Jerusalem with the complete lithographs of his 1971 series "King Ubu in the Balearic Islands," line drawings in several colours made by him at Mouriol in Paris and published by Maeght in a series of 120. There were also three sets of artist's proofs; and one of these sets constitutes this offering. The lithographs, which are masterly but a little too slick for my taste, are offered at the equivalent of the Paris price, £10,850 each (not including VAT or the frame). (Arta Gallery, Akiva 4, J'loni). Till Jan. 7.

ERAN WOLKOWSKI, a sabra Bezalet graduate (Grophio Design, 1974) who has also worked in London, is showing some lively mixed-media paintings on thin paper that has been scored, torn and occasionally oiled. Rendered chiefly in thin washes (the artist calls them drawings) in a dashing *tachiste* manner, these abstractions are too easy to be interesting, particularly as they are generally insipid in colour, relying more on tonal values. But a few do work, notably the effective 11 (Artists House, 4 Shmuel Hagadig, J'loni). Till Jan. 4.

A SHOW of 30 oils, watercolours, drawings and collages by a dozen well-known Israeli artists with links to landscape painting is now on view at the Dohol Gallery in Bin Karem. Included are works by Kravator, Levonon Zaritsky, Grose, Uri, Klopasch, Berlinok, Louisa Schatz, Raffi Lavi, Greenfield, Paster, Shmuel Haddad (Till Jan. 8). At the Little Gallery 2, in Rehov Salomon, Jerusalem, are photographs by Yokov Rosenblatt (Till Jan. 1).

LEA NIKEL: collage and pastel (Sara Glat Gallery, Tel Aviv).

New exhibitions in Haifa

Ephraim Harris

diary: oils which may be noted are the intricately constructed "Composition" (28) and "Flowers" (28) (Rita Gallery, Haifa). Till Jan. 6.

ELASHIVA SCHNEIDER shows oils, watercolours, pastels and drawings. The most prominent are the watercolours, e.g. "Still Life" (4) and "Composition" (28), though the oils are too soft. Satisfactory work is also found among the miniatures, both in oil and watercolour; there are so many that the viewer should select for himself. The landscapes, like the purely imaginative themes, are or-

employing greater relief and counterweight (Nahmani's Gallery, Haifa). Till Dec. 31.

SANDRA SIANO shows, apart from a few black-and-white lithographs, sketches in colour, low-toned with mixed shades smoothed down by a single hue, as if trying towards texture. She often manipulates too many motifs simultaneously but, when she gets them arranged, her prints have a certain amount of style. This competence applies particularly to the abstracts (Travlin Auditorium, Haifa). Till Dec. 31.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1977

The linear nexus

Gil Goldfine

FOR JOHN BYLE line is of the utmost significance. Whereas in his earlier canvases the linear aspect was an equal partner within the general scheme, in this new group of paintings on paper it has become the raison d'être of his abstractions. Byle has replaced the singular nomadic line wandering across the canvas with countless strokes bundled together in concentrated masses forming a system of veins and capillaries. Like rivulets and tributaries they feed into each other, building up and gathering force until they reach crescendo of onerous shapes.

To the same degree that Byle has altered linear attention, he has also reconditioned his palette from balanced tones with complementary highlights, to a complete conversion into a Fauvist spectrum, pulling out all stops and reaching a chromatic pitch in line with Derain, Krichner and the late Bonnard.

Byle's Tworkov-like enging of shapes and linear bundles cancels any sense of axis or curvilinear flow from form to form. He also avoids reaching the paper's edge with colour, which permits the entire field of pigment to float "dynamically" within the static rectangular perimeter. This leads to a shallow spatial effect with the illusion of depth almost non-existent, everything hovering or huddling on the surface. By contrast, a limited number of black calligraphic ink drawings are able to establish various depth levels in the picture plane by slight changes in the width, proportion and spontaneity of the brush marks.

Quite possibly because of the minimalist stylistic parallel or the French attitude to colour, one tracks the spirit of the landscape in these paintings. The reflections of light and the flutter of activity, get into imaginative hills and distant places.

But with all the excitement and flurry, Byle's paintings are less impressive today than they were in his last showing. His nullification of the ephemeral and the placid, in favour of intensity of line and colour results in pictures that barely make the "grab" level. My disappointment lies in the fact that his convention is but one small step ahead of painterly neglect. (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glikson, Tel Aviv).

CONTRIVED theme exhibitions are often mere excuses for showing reworked work. "Marginal Papers," however, is different. Conceived by Sara Levi, it con-

sists of a small group show of five artists who have contributed paintings, drawings or collages "from the attic" or "from the bottom drawer," minor works that are important to the artist because of their seminal effect on larger projects, or their individual peculiarity as works of art, or because they represent the spirit of a particular period.

After blotting his canvases with a newspaper, MOSHE KUPFERMAN discovered a liking for the transparent effects of typography under his favourite pale purple and proceeded to make new pictures from them by adding his familiar black, grey or white line formations. Afterwards, by rolling, folding or changing the proportion of the paper's format he further removed it from reality as a useful object and placed it within the context of his pictorial abstraction.

Small, brooding, abstracted landscapes, steeped in the *plein air* tradition, were painted and collected on chunks of craftboard by LILLIAN KLAPISCH. The irregular edges are consistent with her insistence on painting the unplanned moment, especially noted in two erecting frames of a charging amber, sandy pink and tan colour combination.

LARRY ABRAMSON's reduction of form to a few effective lines is not as effective in small format. Spatial perception and sense of scale is reduced.

Almost with tongue in cheek, KADISHMAN escapes his traditional references and has tackled up a dozen or more portraits of locals he has encountered over the years, rendering them in colour or black and white, deviating technique and style to fit the face.

Bits and pieces of paper, labels and tags, obvious scraps found lying around the studio are used by LEA NIKEL to structure small mixed-media collages of a Schwitters-Motherwell nature. Painted and drawn on, they still remain explicitly graphic in concept, and except for an occasional flash of the brush or pen, are totally removed from her abstract expressionist canvases (Sera Levi Gallery, 10 Pineles, Tel Aviv). Daily from 6-8 p.m., till Jan. 6.

DAN HAYON's photographic portraits are up to the mark. By merging effective shooting angles with available light and variable darkroom techniques (film grain and print quality), he maintains a steady viewpoint, snapping the essential character, portraying a person with whom the spectator can easily identify, whether it be a sinister adversary, a bereaved heroine, or an apprehensive virgin.

Hayon never distills but preserves a dramatic feeling in an ongoing dialogue between model and photographer. A special set of prints consists of old men who, while auditioning for a part in a film (for which Hayon was the still photographer), were asked to be "themselves." The resulting poses are fine examples of man's internal conflicts between what he really is and who he wants to emulate. Two other prints worthy of mention: a matter-of-fact orderly in a medical school morgue; and a study of loneliness showing a single introspective man and composed around a Vermeer-like arrangement of table, wall moulding and pigeon hole. (Dugith Gallery, 48 Frishman, Tel Aviv).

WE KNOW OF no spectacle so ridiculous, so paraprased Macaulay, as the Israeli public in its recent fit of morality about the barefaced peddling of bagrut examination papers — unless it be that same public's utter indifference to the wholesale cheating which goes on in the country's schools and universities all the time.

Honour apart, the unimaginative techniques employed by our youthful scribbles are beneath contempt. In *The World of the Public School* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £5.95), George MacDonald Fraser recently gave an example of the Power of Positive Copying. He tells of a Dutch schoolboy who devised a system of wires and cards which he operated by moving his body at the desk; "this enabled him to consult endless prepared cribbs through a hole in his desk-tilt, the hole being neatly disguised with painted gauze so that it could not be detected by a master standing over him." The boy was Anthony Fokker, who was to become one of the greatest aircraft designers of all time.

The threadbare methods employed by our own cheats — writing on the table, on their arms, or on notes concealed in their coats — have produced nobody as inventive as Fokker; only a host of Yodlins, Benslons and others.

THE TRADITIONAL standards of the British public school — sound ethical values combined with courtesy and consideration for others — have been cited recently by Rabbi Herbert Friedman as the beels of the Jerusalem College, which he proposes to open shortly. Sport will be emphasised since it builds character, the rebbi told *The Jerusalem Post* last month.

He might be surprised to learn that what he has in mind is basically what has been called Muecular Christianity, developed by Dr. Arnold of Rugby. It was best defined by the headmaster of Glenalmond, who once pointed out that Dr. Arnold was among the first to see "that although Our Saviour taught us to turn the other cheek, He did not mean that we were not to tackle our man low."

Before they spread throughout the whole world, even as far as the Jerusalem "Y," soccer, rugby and cricket were developed at the great public schools and became some sort of tribal rite. By 1868, the Eton and Harrow match drew crowds of 10,000 to Lords, yet between 1819 and 1838, Harrow did not win a single match.

At our school, rather different games developed. On a dare, we would poke our heads into the premises of Mr. Fox, the undertaker, and shout, "Got any empty boxes, mister?" Or, when we were at a loose end, one boy might suggest, "Let's go into Lewie's store and get choked out." This sort of behaviour must have been inspired by the cry of the barker who stood outside the museum of Manchester's Belle Vue Zoo. "Come inside and tell us whether we shouldn't be banned." When we were unable to dodge sports altogether, a bunch of us could easily pass an afternoon in the long grass of the cricket field arguing how they got the beeswax out of bees' ears.

Charles Causley, the Cornish poet, has caught other extracurricular activities beautifully in a few lines:

"By St. Thomas Water/ Where the river is thin/ We looked for a jam jar/ To catch the quick fish in./ Through St. Thomas Churchyard/ Jesse and I ran/ The day we took the jam-pot/ Off the dead man."

MOST OF THE public school's timetable was occupied by the

DOWN WITH SKOOL!



WITH PREJUDICE Alex Berlyne

JONATHAN GATHORNE-HARDY has described some of the drawbacks inherent in the British public schools system in his new book, *The Public School Phenomenon* (Hodder and Stoughton, £7.50). I hope that Rabbi Friedman has taken them into account.

"Older even than the throne or the nation itself" (King's School Canterbury was founded in AD 598), the schools have had a chequered history and more than once the troops have had to be called in to restore order. When Byron was at Harrow, for example, he was the ringleader in an abortive plan to blow the whole school off the hill. The boys got as far as laying a trail of gunpowder through the cellars.

Bullying and beating were rife, the living conditions were usually appalling, and many boys remembered these "privileged jalls" and "nests of vice" as abject purgatory. Lord Berners has told of a visit he paid to his old school many years after leaving. He was astonished at the improvement — there were so many happy, smiling faces to be seen. It was explained to him that the building was now a lunatic asylum.

The physical conditions prevailing at Eton have been described by George Orwell. The boys were deliberately kept hungry and they breathed "something cold and evil-smelling — a sort of compound of sweaty stockings, dirty towels, and faecal smells."

MOST OF THE public school's timetable was occupied by the

classics (English was kept out of Winchester till the late 1860s and science was hardly taught in the great public schools until quite recently). Boys would spend most of their school lives construing classical texts: *Nota bene* — without any money; or "Caesar's round round men" — *Caesar's round round men*. This sort of Latin translation was the method used in our school. Influenced in its entirety by the example of the public schools, we would make desperate attempts to construe French aloud: *hors d'oeuvre* — out of work; *coup de grace* — now the lawn; *elle ou mal ou oser* — she is rotten to the core.

Some taught a smattering of history from Alison's *History of Europe*, which contained memorable statements like, "The Austrians held the Po while the Italians slowly evacuated."

Not all the public schools were as noted for their scholastic work as for their social exclusivity. In fact, John Danoy, the headmaster of Marlborough, said recently, "Parents no longer pay for good teaching. They pay for short hair." Samuel Beckett was only too aware of the intellectual standard of his small charges when he announced he was leaving his post as a teacher at Campbell College. The headmaster was astonished. "But Mr. Beckett," he said, "Don't you realise you're teaching the cream of Ulster?"

Gathorne-Hardy's book is full of horrifying accounts of beatings by masters and bullying by boys. In the 17th century, Eton boys

"Yes," replied the budding playwright, "rich and thick." Tradition was inviolable and a proposal in the 1930s to do away with the various school caps at Wellington (there were different colours for each house) almost split the school into opposing camps.

I might say that this was not considered an issue at my own school. Boys wore their caps at home, at school and at *heder*; Benny Dubin, a recent arrival from Lithuania, was reported to wear his in bed.

In later life, I was to be puzzled by proud references to the Brigade tie worn off-duty by Guards officers. Round our way the term meant one thing only — the Jewish Lads Brigade.

Although we owed first allegiance to the young hooligans of the Red Circle School, which was featured weekly in the *Holspur* (George MacDonald Fraser believes that it must have been either a fearfully expensive orphanage or a sort of fee-paying prep school for Borstal), we also followed the exploits of the Famous Five at Greyfriars. This august establishment existed in the pages of *The Magnet* and featured Billy Bunter, the Frabulous Owl of the Remove. Poor Bunter was always being clobbered ("Yarool Leggo, you beastly ead!") perhaps not as seductively as young East in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, but certainly more often.

Gathorne-Hardy's book is full of horrifying accounts of beatings by masters and bullying by boys. In the 17th century, Eton boys

were whipped, oddly enough, for not smacking — tobacco was thought to be a prophylactic against the plague. Moas, the headmaster of Shrewsbury, got into trouble in 1874 when he gave a boy 88 strokes of the cane. After his retirement he went to live, whether by accident or design, in a village called Much Birch.

The infamous Dr. Keete of Eton once flogged the whole confirmation class by mistake. When they tried to explain that they had come to his study for religious instruction, he flew into a rage at an excuse "not only false but irreverent."

Stengety enough, the boys themselves believed flogging to be a normal part of the education process and occasionally resisted attempts to beat the birch. This attitude is illustrated in Ernest Raymond's 1922 bestseller, *Tell England*, where one of the two heroes says to his friend, "I think I like Redley better than anyone else in the world. I simply love being whacked by him."

Little wonder that many English newspapers display show-cases full of strangely-worded odds: "Miss Whiplash offers services"; "Strict governors seeks obedient servant"; "Miss Calvo offers corrective treatment."

WHEN THE headmaster of Repton was asked what he'd done about homosexuality in the school, he replied, "Well, I haven't made it compulsory yet, if that's what you mean."

Gathorne-Hardy has examined the vexed question of unnatural sex in the public schools. Segregating adolescent boys away from girls is clearly one of the causes. However, the Victorian worship of the classics, "alive to the beauty of unsexed youth," as the *Westminster Review* put it, helped to lend a spurious legitimacy to the carryings-on.

Gathorne-Hardy cites some incredible Victorian poetry: J.G.F. Nicholson's *A Garland of Ladslove*, and the well-ohed-unbelievable Rev. E.E. Brodford who celebrated in verse, according to the same *Westminster Review*, "friendship between men and youth." Bradford had some memorable lines: "Turn away from the wenoh, with her powder and paint./ And follow the Boy, who is fair as a saint"; and, in another epic, "Looking away/ With a vacant stare./ He dragged all out to view."

Others had rather more in-tropection, like the Rev. Collin Stevenson, who referred in his autobiography to a sermon on the text, "See that you love one another," which he heard preached in the school chapel. "This ed in the school chapel among the caused a great stir among the housemasters, who spent a lot of their time and energy in trying to ensure we did no such thing."

Not all schoolboy affairs were homosexual. Gathorne-Hardy refers to a number of expulsions following the impregnation of housemaids. At our school, we were all crazy about Daisy and Diana, and used to lie awake nights scheming how to possess them. Daisy and Diana were the two most popular air-rifle brand names.

However, I do remember a scandal which erupted in Manchester in the Thirties. Lyons Cafe, in Market Street (known locally as the Schnorrer's Rest), closed its lavatories to the public after numbers of men had been observed entering them in pairs over a long period.

Unemployed Jewish tailors who couldn't afford premises of their own had been meeting their clients in the cafe and taking them into the lavatories to measure them up for suits and to try them on.

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PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

Animal get-together

EICHEL — The initial stand for Egyptian-Israeli Cat-Dog Friendship League, and as we say about nearly everything these days, "Who would have thought up such an idea just a short while ago!"

A little background on the proposed organization. As most cat-lovers know, pussy wouldn't be with us today if it hadn't been for the ancient Egyptians, who had the good sense and foresight to domesticate the charming creature more than three and a half thousand years ago.

Kindness to cats was the rule in Egyptian homes, both poor and rich. The animal was highly cat-mooded, figured widely in art, and mourned by all the family at death (see the cat and kitten mummy cases in the British Museum).

Egyptian documents from as early as 1688 B.C.E. make references to cats, and funeral monuments at Thebes of a Pharaoh of the XI Dynasty show the ruler with his cat, whose name was *Bouhaki*. The Egyptian goddess *Pasit*, known as the Cat Goddess, may be the source of our term "pussycat."

The Prophet Mohammed was exceptionally fond of cats. According to a Moslem legend which turns up in one form or another in most cat books, his own pet cat, whose name was *Muezza*, used regularly to curl up for her nap in the sleeve of Mohammed's robe. One day when he was called to prayer, the Prophet couldn't bear the thought of waking *Muezza*, so instead he cut off the sleeve, leaving her to amuse undisturbed.

THIS DEGREE of consideration would be most unusual today for most people in Egypt. By the same token, there is a great deal of cruelty and neglect toward animals in Israel. But there are also many people here who find animals worthy of much attention, observation and care.

Quite a few of them read *The Jerusalem Post*. I know, because the letters I received after an article some time ago about cats—nearly two months before Sadat's visit, as matters are now reckoned—added up to a remarkable response.

So at the risk of sounding irreverent, I suggest that in some ways, the Prophet Mohammed might have much to discuss with a certain *Post* reader in Afula who keeps 10 cats—eight in the house, two in the garden.

This reader, a retired nurse from England, wrote to give me full details of the age and markings of each; as a medical person, she is a model of demographic responsibility, for all the indoor cats have been neutered. If you are going to be serious about cats, you have to be socially responsible as well.

In addition to the 10 cats in this Afula household, there are also three dogs, for as more and more Israeli families are learning, cats and dogs can learn to live together in perfect harmony. (Oh yes—Egyptian monuments testify to the presence of several distinct breeds of domesticated dogs 4,000 years ago, including both the slender greyhound and the short-legged terrier type.) The Afula dogs—poodles, and poodle-schnauzers—get on beautifully with the 40 felines; and "eat, wash, sleep and play together."

FROM BEERSHEBA, a *Post*



Helga Dudman

reader who is a serious cat-watcher ("I have had the privilege of observing daily...a permanent feline colony of five to eight cats in our yard") confirmed my comments that females form warm friendships. But so, too, do the males, he wrote, though what he has observed seem to be platonic friendships between males and females and not, apparently, between males.

"Some of the male cats who were born and raised here," explains my Beersheba correspondent, "are quite friendly with the local females—a sort of fraternal relationship. For sex, they wander elsewhere."

A few weeks later, an additional observation arrived from Beersheba which has all sorts of cat-dog undertones for today: "Our courtyard cats frequently leave large chicken bones which they cannot crack. Several local dogs have noticed this, and visit daily to consume these bones, which their large teeth easily crack."

"A *modus vivendi* seems to have been worked out between felines and canines. While our cats sit quietly and watch disdainfully, the dogs do not molest them and concentrate on eating. There is no longer the frantic and hasty scampers up the nearest tree on the part of our cats."

BUT PERHAPS the most diversified harmony of all came, as it no doubt should, from a Jerusalem household, where a *Post* reader keeps two dogs, nine cats (at the moment) and, in the garden, two guinea pigs and two chickens. Not long ago there was a rabbit and monkey too.

The most fascinating point of all this, as this reader has told me in several charming letters, is the way all the animals interact, are involved with, and take care of, each other. The menagerie started, by the way, when a dog adopted three kittens (an East Jerusalem dog—just to emphasize the whole point a bit more—who had the good luck to find a berth in this unusual home.) The cats constantly nag at the dogs for love and attention, and

the dogs "stand guard for about 24 hours whenever a new species enters the 'family'; whenever a cat or kitten outside makes some sound of distress, 'both dogs go flying out to chase away whatever is scaring them.'"

Two of the cats, too, protected the rabbit from a third cat that seemed to be eyeing the rabbit in a curious way, though "he later fell in love with the rabbit, gazing at her soulfully for hours. Apparently he thought she was some exotic cat..."

As for friendships between the female cats, one older female helped her younger friend deliver her first kittens—and one of her older kittens baby-sat with the new infants when the two mothers wanted to go out for a bit.

And what do chickens—a rooster and a hen—add to the enjoyment of life? "An hysterically funny example of male chauvinism!"

Once again, the permanent cats in this household are sprayed; the transient population are strays and mistreated kittens, the results of indiscriminate breeding (on the part of owners—you can't, of course, blame the cats.) This Jerusalem reader has seen enough examples of cruelty to animals, especially among children, though things are improving slightly—to be deeply concerned by the need for effective education along these lines.

SOME READERS, those who do not live with even a single cat or dog, may feel I have taken an inordinate amount of space in introducing the notion of an Egyptian-Israeli Cat-Dog Friendship League. But those who do care, care deeply: on an intimate scale, I suspect that letters from animal-lovers exhibit greater fervor than those on other topics received by the *Post*.

Certainly, the interrelationships of the Jerusalem household mentioned above would make a marvellous television show—infinitely better than the coverage on those questionable "dog shows" which appear to award ribbons for snobbishness.

My Jerusalem correspondent also sent me a strip of photographs showing Cat A embracing Dog A, Cat B embracing Dog B, Dog with kittens, Cat A with guinea pig, Cat B sharing meal with rabbit, Monkey astride Dog A, monkey asleep between Cats C and D, playing with Cat C, and...

I HOPE the army of journalists now in Cairo will have a look at some of the amulets of ancient cats, at the jewellery worn by them, at how they look on frescoes. Perhaps the *Newsweek* correspondent who used to be stationed in Jerusalem will have the curiosity to do so, as he is a man who had the patience and interest to teach his own cat to use the toilet.

To round up the Middle Eastern cat background, two legends on their origin. According to a Hebrew legend, there were no cats before the Flood, and a scourge of rats attacked the Ark's provisions. Noah begged the Lord to send help, and an unexpected remedy arrived when the lion sneezed: from the sneeze emerged a pretty little kitty.

As a Moslem legend explains it, the first cat was "born of the insane passion—reciprocated—of a monkey for a superb lioness." □

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READERS' LETTERS

The Editor, The Palestine Post

Sir, — The contributions which have appeared during the last few days in your correspondence column on current security problems make strange reading.

Mr. Ginzberg offers the police elaborate advice on how to prevent Jewish vehicles being singled out for attack by Arab gunmen.

"Ex-J.S.P." doubts the competence of the Inspector-General of Police on account of his having failed to provide armoured cars to the Jewish transport convoy which was ambushed by an Arab gang last Thursday on the Jerusalem-Hebron Road. Mr. Fitchels, writing in the name of parents of J.S.P.'s, reassures the Inspector-General that the J.S.P.'s have never failed in their duties, have never shot anyone in the back who had placed themselves under their protection, had never stolen the rifles entrusted to them or left their posts.

It is an amazing situation. Does Mr. Ginzberg really believe that after 30 years' service in this country, the police authorities do not know how to protect effectively highway traffic. The Inspector-General can hardly be ignorant of the existence of armoured cars which were provided by the Jewish Agency during the 1936-39 disturbances for the express purpose of helping in assuring the safety of highway traffic, but which are now being kept by the police safely under lock and key? Has Mr. Fitchels any doubt that the Inspector-General is aware of the character and record of the Jewish Settlement Police?

It is really time to stop fooling ourselves. It is not because of ignorance of the facts or administrative incompetence that effective protection has failed to be given by the authorities to Jewish highway traffic and to the Jewish Supernumerary Police. It should by now be realized by everybody concerned that as far as Jews are concerned the Palestine Police have practically ceased to exist.

Delay by UN causes anxiety

NEW YORK, Thursday (Palestine).

— The delay of the UN Commission countries in appointing their representatives is causing anxiety lest one or more of them might not serve at all, writes John Rogers in the "New York Herald Tribune."

This delay was irksome to M. Lie and Dr. Bunche, Rogers states. Though it is granted that the Commission cannot meet at Lake Success until January, and that it might have to negotiate with Britain as to when it can leave for Palestine, there are many details which are connected with its appointment and must thus wait unnecessarily.

It was believed, he adds, that if any country refuses to serve, a quick special session of the U.N. General Assembly might be held, to elect a replacement. "Either that," Rogers concludes, "or else the Commission would have to go to Palestine with only four members."

Tel Aviv security

TEL AVIV, Tuesday. — When three armoured cars and nine trucks laden with household goods rolled down the shaded road of Sarona and turned into the highway heading toward Jaffa late on Thursday, the last British police were withdrawn from the Tel Aviv-Petah Tikva sector, and the Jewish police were left in charge of this predominantly Jewish area.

The departure was about six hours behind schedule, but several hundred inhabitants of the Montefiore Quarter across the highway stood in the sun all afternoon to witness the withdrawal. The people of the low-lying quarter had had the walls of their homes riddled with bullets, and had suffered casualties from the fire of snipers across the highway during real or imagined terrorist attacks.

THE PALESTINE
POST

During the third week after the passing of the U.N. Resolution of November 30, 1947, violence continued to rage in Palestine. Fourteen Jews were killed, and ten wounded, when a convoy bringing supplies to the Ben Shimon Children's Village was ambushed by the Arab Legion. Nevertheless, interest moved to the diplomatic front at Lake Success, and to the efforts of the Jews to keep life as normal as possible.

JERUSALEM, DECEMBER 15-21, 1947.

Members of Palestine Commission not yet appointed

LAKE SUCCESS, Thursday (AP) — M. Trygve Lie has called a meeting of the new five-nation Palestine Commission for January 7, 1948. He told a press conference that none of the five countries had yet named their representatives, but that he had urged them to expedite their decisions. No date has been set for their departure.

The countries are Denmark, Panama, Czechoslovakia, Bolivia, and the Philippines.

He had sent each of them a telegram on December 12, and was sending them another one tomorrow, informing them of the meeting date. He said the Commission might have to meet in New York for some time, to do its detailed planning there.

No date could be set for the Commission's departure for Palestine until after the first meeting, Mr. Lie said. The

Secretariat Staff would be ready to leave any time the Commission was ready.

The U.N. Secretary-General stated that he had received no communication from the British Government as to the date on which the Commission would be admitted to Palestine. Sir Alexander Cadogan had, however, expressed his anxiousness to consult with the Commission as soon as possible on its arrangements.

Asked whether he had received any protests from the Jewish

Agency over Britain's position in the present disorders, M. Lie replied in the negative.

He himself plans to leave for Europe on January 9, to make his survey of possible sites for the 1948 General Assembly meeting.

M. Lie discounted the reports that Bolivia might not serve on the Palestine Commission with a statement that that nation's delegate was waiting to hear about the Commission's schedule and wanted to expedite the appointment of its representative.

British Jews, and Arabs at BBC

LONDON, (by Airmail). — The message broadcast by the BBC presentation of the Palestine issue to the British public by the BBC has, for the last two years or so, been a model of distortion by omission.

Distortion by omission is still the favourite method as far as the news and news commentary are concerned. Only five minutes ago there was a typical example in a Jew, complained that the

Yishuv had been led into a mess by its leaders. The average listener's impression was that this is the present mood of "the Jews" in Palestine. He could not be expected to know that the paper, presumably *The Palestine Post*, printed a great many letters expressing every possible point of view, and not necessarily held by anyone but the writer.

Business as usual in Jerusalem

THERE is a remarkable similarity between one group of humanity and another as regards reaction to disadvantages. One is thus often inclined to wonder if the pleased surprise with which each nation greets its own routine virtues is not perhaps rooted in an intrinsic badness of human nature.

Bravery, if we are what we profess to think we are, should be

universal, but still there are those phrases — the show must go on; the mall must go through — which are still proclaimed although nearly all other activities do continue not just because they take it but because they must. One recalls those bombed shops that proclaimed that they were more open than ever. And today in Jerusalem, in spite of ambushes, roads, bombs, Bren guns, and the

attempted isolation of the Holy City, there are still crowds of children in the public gardens, holiday shows in the cinemas, and, more symptomatic of all flower shops still bulging. In December, with fragrant bundles of antirrhinum, delphinium, carnation, which betray the trouble that must have brought them here to be purchased at no extra charge by the sybaritic besieged.

Israelis had a bank
46 years before there was an Israel.

yours since 1902
בנק לאומי
Bank leumi
LE-ISRAEL B.M.



FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1977

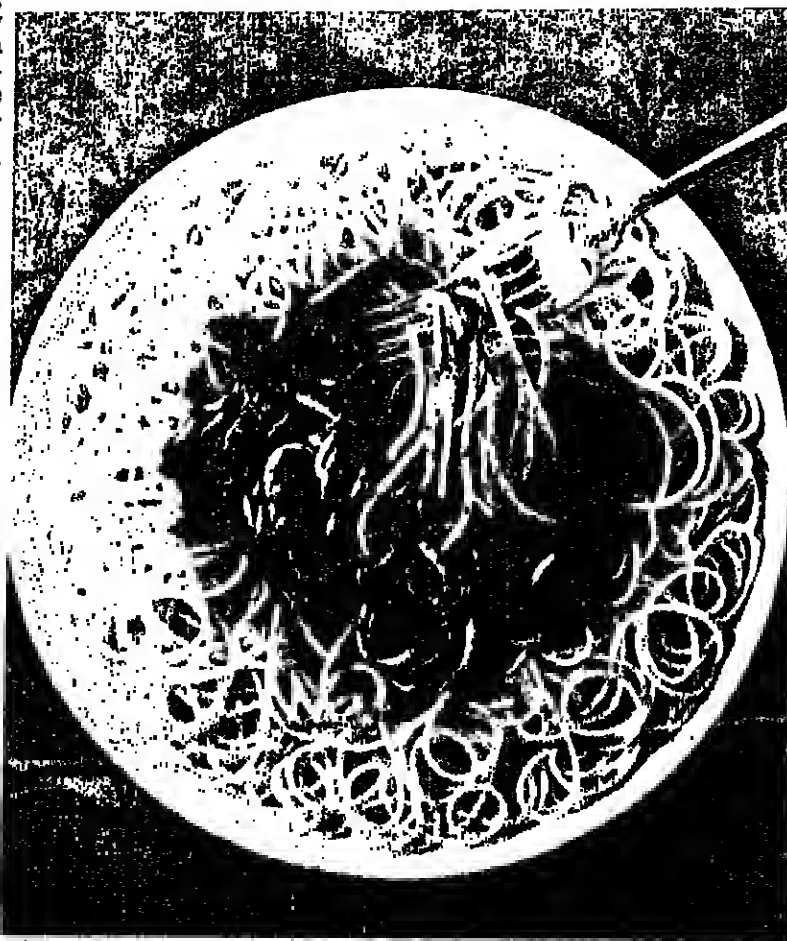
THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

הכזה מן האל

PASSION FOR PASTA

MARKETING WITH MARTHA



It does not print the prices directly on the wrappings because prices change so often.

WHILE I thoroughly enjoyed myself at Osem's luncheon at the Dan Hotel and would have eaten another helping if it had been offered, I noticed that most of my woman's-page colleagues left half their portions of spaghetti and meat sauce, followed by macaroni with beef and gravy, on their plates. The words "too many calories" or "too heavy" could be heard frequently.

Just how calorie is pasta? Osem gave us a figure of 100 to 110 calories per 100 grams of cooked pasta, while I have calorie books listing one cup of plain boiled spaghetti at anywhere from 158 to 218 calories, and an average serving at 210 calories.

None of these concepts made much sense until I did some experiments in my own kitchen. I found that about 120 grams of dry Osem spaghetti produces 300 grams of cooked spaghetti, which amounts to two full cups. A single cupful makes a reasonable amount of food for an adult. Most of us, unless dieting, would probably take at least another half cupful for a second helping, assuming this is the main dish of the meal.

member of the mainly family firm, when some of the journalists started comparing its calorie content with that of potatoes (supposed to be 80 calories for 100 grams of the vegetable boiled).

Although we tend to think of pasta as mostly carbohydrate (starch) in composition, it contains some protein too — 13 per cent, according to Mr. Proppe, and one assumes he is referring to dry pasta.

Once cooked, pasta and potatoes, both of which absorb a lot of water, seem to have about the same protein percentage — pasta perhaps has a little more. Osem says that pasta made from durum wheat flour has a slightly higher protein content than the traditional Israeli pasta.

THE ONLY TWO durum flour products so far available in Osem's new Golden line are spaghetti and macaroni. The firm is already advertising the next two shapes due to come from this flour, nodules and short-cut macaroni. If the public responds well to the now, higher-priced pasta, Osem will make it in additional shapes.

A colleague suggests that they manufacture the very broad pasta squares for making lasagna. She says that the only place she can buy them — in the form of uncooked pasta — is at Tel Aviv's "Giv'at Mor" right near the new Dizengoff Centre in Tel Aviv, but they are very expensive.

By the way, if you think Osem has a total monopoly, there are six small factories also making pasta (about 5-8 per cent of what is sold in Israel), and an unknown number on the West Bank.

The company warns that after the introductory period, Golden line prices will rise by about 10 per cent. But properly stored, dry pasta will keep almost indefinitely.

It should be stored in a rather dry place that does not attract insects. Too much humidity can make it go mouldy, and if it is stored near rice or pulses, it may attract insects from them.

There is no expiry date on Osem products, but there is a coding system by which the manufacturer and its own distribution agents can tell how old the products are.

Once pasta products are opened, it is preferable to keep the unused portions in a glass jar, rather than in the half-closed package. (A 250-gram package of pasta is generally the right amount for two adults and two children — a bit over four cupfuls).

Never mind how it's pronounced

CULINARY NOTES
Haim Shapiro

DURING our recent visit to the U.S., our friends and relatives were most anxious to show us the best of American food.

As soon as we arrived in Washington D.C., friends offered to take us to their favourite restaurant, which featured Middle Eastern cuisine. I let them know as gently as I could that, while I was grateful for their thoughtfulness, I would actually prefer to try something a little less close to home.

They were quick to oblige; but after two almost disastrous



meals, I gave in and ended up having one of the best restaurant dinners I have ever had in the U.S.

My hosts explained that the proprietor was a Kurd; they had been introduced to the place by one of the now-exiled leaders of the Kurdish revolt in Iraq.

I decided to try the dish which we would call koubé, but which is known in American, Armenian, Arab and even Israeli restaurants as kibbe.

The dish was neither fried nor boiled, as it usually is here, but baked. Like anything else served that evening, it was delicious.

For the cook at home, it has the advantage of being easy to prepare and not overly expensive. To prepare koubé, take four cups of burghul, the cracked wheat sold in most local markets and many supermarkets. Soak it in cold water for a few minutes and drain it well.

Putting the burghul aside for a moment, finely chop about half a kilo of meat with a large onion. Lamb, of course, is the traditional meat to use, but beef will also do. Season the meat with half a teaspoon of salt, a good pinch of pepper, allspice, cinnamon.

The Weekend Dry Bones

ONCE UPON A TIME, A POISON WAS INVENTED THAT WOULD KILL BUGS...



SO FARMERS BEGAN SPRAYING THEIR CROPS



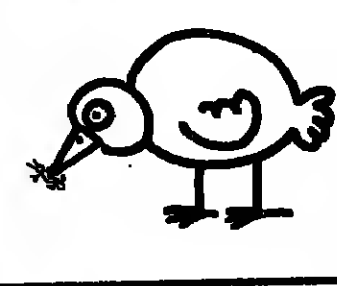
OF COURSE NOT ALL THE BUGS DIED



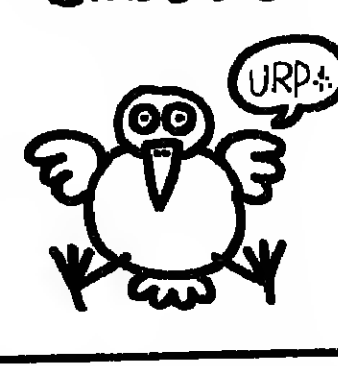
SOME JUST STORED THE POISON IN THEIR BODIES



AND BIRDS ATE THE CONTAMINATED BUGS



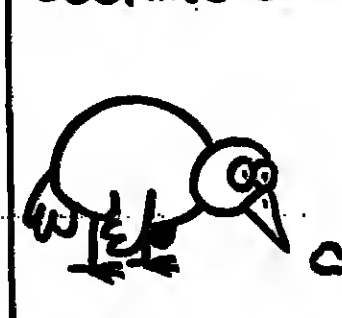
OF COURSE NOT ALL THE BIRDS DIED



BUT THEIR FLESH BECAME LACED WITH THE BUG POISON



AND SOME OF THEM STARTED LAYING FUNNY-LOOKING EGGS



AND THE POISON



SPREAD THROUGHOUT



THE ANIMAL KINGDOM



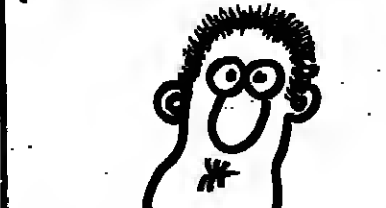
AND COWS THAT ATE FOOD WITH THE POISON IN IT? ... THEY TOO STORED THE POISON IN THEIR BODIES.



EXCEPT FOR THE POISON THEY STORED IN THEIR MILK



AND THE PEOPLE WHO ATE CHICKENS AND BEEF, MILK OR OTHER FOODS WITH THE BUG POISON IN IT



STORED THE POISON IN THEIR BODIES EXCEPT FOR WHAT THEY STORED IN THEIR MILK



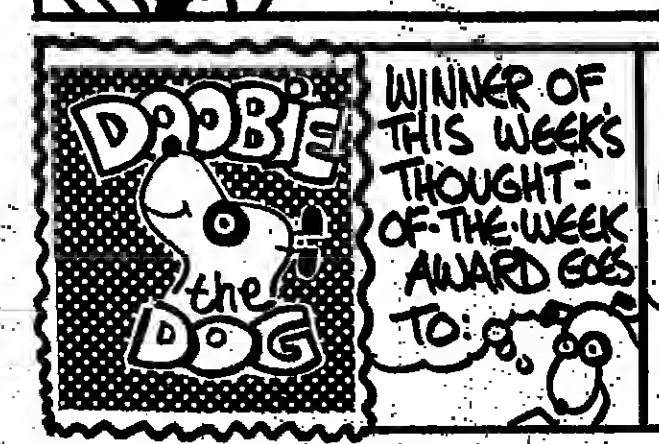
SO THIS BUG POISON WAS BANNED

BUT NOT EVERYWHERE

JUST IN THOSE COUNTRIES WHERE THEY CARED ABOUT THE HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE AND THE PROTECTION OF WILDLIFE.

Lucrezia Buggia

OUR STORY THUS FAR: LUCREZIA HAS ASKED THE WEALTHY CORSICAN DUKE TO SIT NEXT TO THE PUPAL ENVOY.



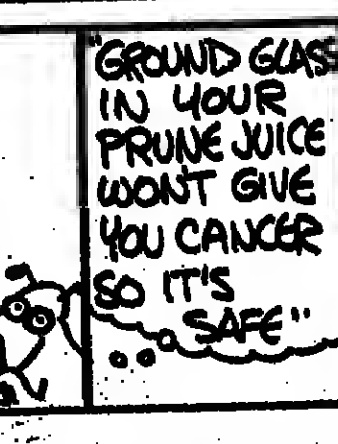
THE ELDERLY JUKE LEANS OVER TO CATCH A WHIFF AND A SHAPELY HAND HOVERS ABOVE THE JUKE'S CUP



WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S THOUGHT-OF-THE-WEEK AWARD GOES TO:

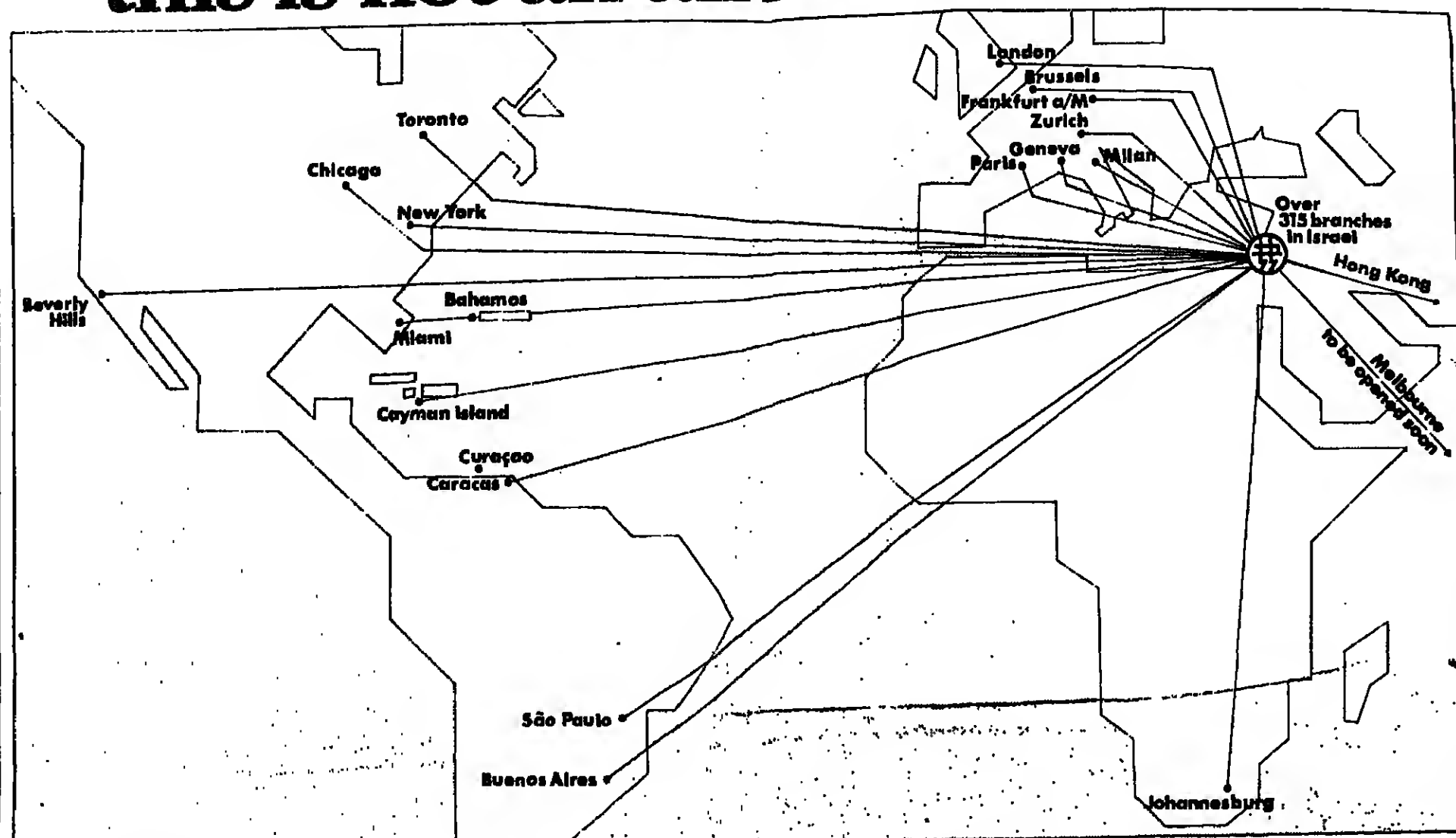


RUNNER-UP GOES TO:



הגזא מן האל

this is not an airline ad...



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For Foreign Residents and Israelis Residing Abroad

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